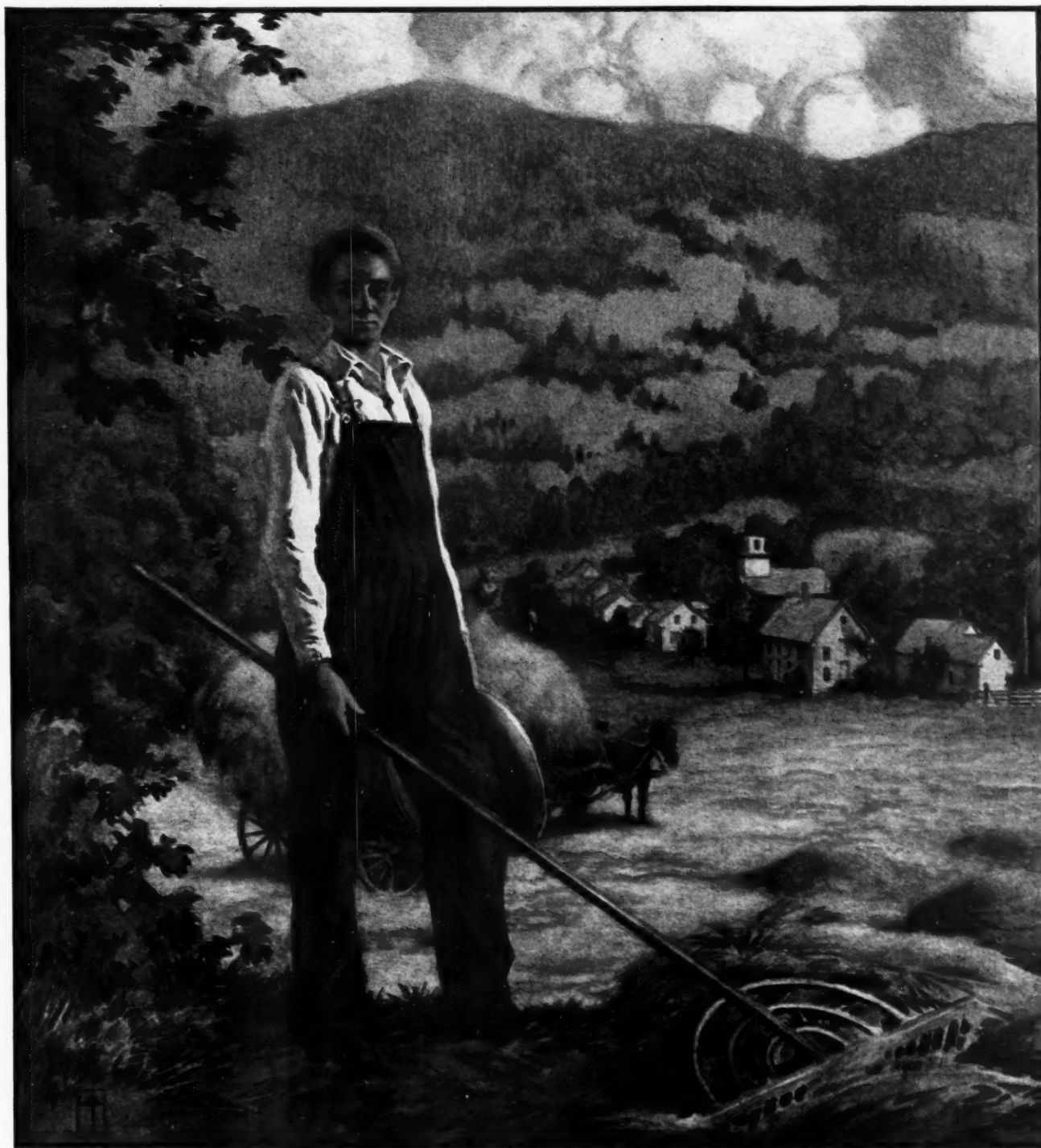


Hundredth Year

THE

November 18, 1926

YOUTH'S COMPANION



Painted for The Youth's Companion by Franklin Wood

Calvin Coolidge in Boyhood on his Father's Farm

A BIBLE GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS GRANDMOTHER WAS HIS FIRST READER • OTHER BOOKS WERE SCARCE • THE YOUTH'S COMPANION WAS ALMOST HIS ONLY SOURCE OF THE ROMANCE THAT AWAITED HIM SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE GREEN HILLS THAT SURROUND THE LITTLE FARM WHERE CALVIN COOLIDGE PREPARED HIMSELF FOR THE CALL TO DUTY

In this issue: A Special Interview That None Should Miss—"The Boy from Plymouth Notch"

PERRY MASON COMPANY—10 CENTS A COPY, \$2.00 A YEAR

HAVE SERVED MILLIONS OF

CUTICURA SOAP AND REMEDIES

THE GROWTH OF

Cuticura

DUE TO SUPERIOR MERIT AND CONSISTENT ADVERTISING

In 1883 the testimonial advertisement below appeared in The Youth's Companion on May 17.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston Lady.

IN the 43 years since that date Cuticura advertisements have appeared regularly in The Youth's Companion and other publications, including thousands of testimonials acknowledging the efficacy of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, not only for the treatment of pimples and other disfiguring eruptions but as toilet requisites to keep the skin clear and the scalp in a healthy hair-growing condition.

Advertising has carried Cuticura into popular demand not only in the homes of American people, but in Great Britain, Ireland, India, Japan, China, Australia, Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

Send for free samples of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Malden, Mass.

PEOPLE IN EVERY NATION OF THE WORLD



On this steamer to France you can be sitting next spring with a friend—with all your joint expenses for six weeks in Europe paid by The Companion

Up, Up, Up—They Climb and Win the Prizes!

SOON, now, I will be able to give you the names and pictures of the "early birds"—the people who have already climbed up many rungs of the ladder that leads to the Castle of Dreams-Come-True.

You Win Three Times Over

You can catch up to them, if you will try! What wonderful rewards are waiting for you! First, there is a splendid premium for each and every subscription you take—your choice of beautiful and useful things, ranging from engines and motors to pearls and books and wrist-watches. Or, if you prefer, you can have a cash premium of 50 cents for each subscription.

Secondly, you can have one of the Rewards for Early Work—any of the delightful things shown on page 766 of the Premium Catalogue in the October 21st number, the Golden Fleece Blankets, the Venetian Ukulele, the Remington Rifle, or any \$5.00 selection from the whole catalogue. And what do you do in return for this? Merely send in at least five new yearly subscriptions before Christmas!

Easy? If there's an easier way of getting a five-dollar Christmas gift in the world, I have never heard of it. Remember—you get either 50 cents in cash, or a premium worth \$1.00 or more, in return for each subscription you take. The \$5.00 Christmas Gift comes on top of these regular rewards—no charge to you—as a prize for hustling just the least little tiny bit.

Some folks say that it's so easy to take Companion subscriptions that they haven't the heart to accept the Christmas Gift at all! But don't feel that way. This is the Hundredth Birthday Party of The Youth's Companion, and all the rewards are bigger and better than they have been. So take at least five subscriptions right away and pick out your gift as well as your premiums.

And in the third place—well, there's a trip to Europe waiting for you and a friend, you know; a lovely, springtime trip, just when England and France are at their best, and when millions of other people will be envying you from the bottom of their hearts.

Cars, Colleges, Jewelry, Power Boats, Pianos

Or if you can't go on this free trip, which will be won by the friend who takes the most subscriptions of all, you can have a Chrysler 60 Coach instead, or a Four-year Scholarship at College, or a Jesse French Baby Grand Piano.

And if you come out second and not first in the race—how would you like a Dodge Four-door Sedan? Or a thousand-dollar power boat? Or \$1000.00 worth of furniture? You would? I thought so!

Others of the amazing Grand Prizes open to people who come out from third to two hundredth in the race include silverware, watches, the wonderful Y. C. Lab

sailing skiff Buccaneer, the even more sensational roadster Cinderella in a new and still finer form—motor cycles, dresses, suits of clothes, Stanley tool cabinets, Ciné-Kodak motion-picture cameras, electric washers, fur coats, a Fordson tractor, the new Williams Oil-O-Matic Burner with 275 gallon tank—everything that heart can wish spread before you in dazzling profusion from which to pick and choose.

What do these things cost you? Again, I say, not one cent. You can get any one of them you please, in addition to your premiums, your cash, and your Christmas Gift—just by doing a little so-called "work" for The Youth's Companion right away, now, before it is too late.

How to Take an Order

Can you take orders for The Companion? Indeed you can. Right now, this minute! There is some one near you—probably in sight—who would subscribe if you only went and asked him. Try! Now, before you forget—try!

Just say: "Mr. or Mrs. Blank, I am one of the hundreds of thousands of happy people who read The Youth's Companion. I want you to read it too. Everybody in your household will love it, just as we do in our home. See, here is a copy. You will like the stories by great authors, and the wonderful biographies, and the good editorials, and the useful departments. Why, the departments may earn a hundred times the subscription price for you in a year. Please let me send The Youth's Companion to you for a year. The price is so low that you won't feel it—fifty-two big issues in 1927 for only two dollars, and if you will say 'yes' immediately I will throw in, free, all the remaining issues of this year. Thank you. I knew you would say 'yes.' Your copies will start coming immediately."

A little "speech" like this, which you can vary to suit yourself, will bring you so many orders that you will be astonished.

The only hard thing, for most people, is to begin. A lot of folks never get up their nerve until it is too late. You try now! See how easy it is, and how much you can get just by asking.

Only one thing more to remember this week! I am here to help you, if you want me. Write me freely. Tell me how you are getting along, what you are saying to people and what they are saying to you. Have plenty of sample copies, like this big special Anniversary Issue which you are now reading. What do sample copies cost? Nothing, if you are a real worker. I send them to every real worker, free. If you've mislaid your October 21st Premium Number, just write me and I'll send you another.

Your friend,

Mason Willis.

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.



Frontier Days—that vivid period of American history—have a real meaning to boys and girls who own

LINCOLN LOGS

A New Design Book shows how to build Lincoln's Log Cabin and many other types of log construction.

The hardihood and dauntless spirit of our forefathers become living realities as the child builds the Meeting House, The Church, The School, The Blockhouse, The Cabins, and other buildings of the settlement with this "All American Toy," which solves the Christmas Gift problem.

The more logs a child has the more things can be built

BIG COMBINATION SET of 234 logs, 4 2 roofs and chimney . . . \$4

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Room 33, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail at once, postage prepaid:

☐ Big Combination Sets, 234 logs, etc. @ \$4

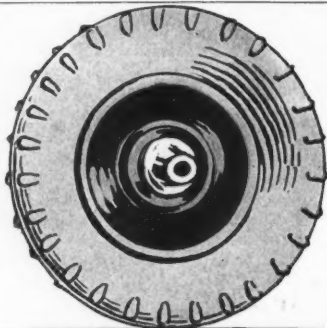
☐ Triple Sets of 166 Logs @ \$3 ☐ Double Sets @ \$2 ☐ Single Sets @ \$1

Enclosed is \$— for Logs specified. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send to

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This eraser is shown here actual size

Send 10c for this Non-Skid Eraser

SEND ten cents (coin) and we will mail you, postage paid, this Kingsbury Non-Skid Eraser. As shown in the picture it is actually a red-enamelled disc wheel from one of the Kingsbury Motor-driven Toys. But its big balloon size rubber tire is made of pure eraser rubber of best quality which will give service for a long time. A novel desk or school accessory. All the boys and girls will want one.

With your eraser we will send you free a copy of the

KINGSBURY TOY CATALOG showing the most lifelike motor-driven and hand-drawn toys you ever saw. Fire engines, tractors, trolley cars, motor trucks, derricks, busses, taxiplanes, etc. All kinds of wheeled vehicles in toy form. All sorts of suggestions for Christmas gifts.

Our supply of these erasers is limited, so send for yours as early as possible.

KINGSBURY MFG. COMPANY
84 Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

"In the Foothills of the White Mountains"

P.S. These erasers make fine gifts or souvenirs. Set of four, 35c.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NOVEMBER 18, 1926

NUMBER 46

THIS is the story of Calvin Coolidge, who was just a shy, eager-minded lad in whose life never was permitted an unproductive moment, a boy who learned to work with his hands and his brain, to store information and to use it. The son of a stern father of Puritan ancestry and a mother of the staunch Scot Covenantant blood, bred in the grimly-beautiful granite mountain fastness of his Plymouth Notch, Vermont, he had isolation, time to think and a native American heritage of taciturnity combined with an intense desire to know the fundamentals of American community life, its political and its human economy. The wonder is not that President Coolidge is called silent, but that he has come through his quiet but eventful life without much more of the hardness of his granite hills.

What sort of boy was this man who became business head of his country when it most needed a business head? We have seen him pictured by critics as cold, unemotional, unhumorous; a man who understands only his own group of people and cares for no other, or its problems. Yet those who know him see him as far from cold in nature, but rather as a man with intense loyalty to family and country, a deeply reverent appreciation of the office he holds through choice of the American people. Unemotional he is upon the surface, yet there is an intense activity beneath that calm exterior. Unhumorous he is not. His humor is the more accentuated because it comes from a well that appears dry.

Here was a boy in Plymouth Notch who, like many others who became great in their home lands, spent a large part of his highly sensitive youthful years in great silences. Calvin Coolidge was thirteen years old before he knew any other village than his own, which was so small that every house and barn in it could be touched in a five-minute stroll; a lonely, shy boy whose mother and only sister passed from him before he was fifteen, with only three playmates of his own age and no brothers.

A Puritan father, a Scotch mother, a granite mountain top!

Robert A. Woods, in his book, "The Preparation of Calvin Coolidge," aptly compares this silent one as a boy to Ernest, in Hawthorne's tale, "The Great Stone Face," for, from the steps of the house where he was born he could raise his eyes up a sharply climbing mountain side to a mystic green peak which now is sharply etched against the clearest of blue skies.

There, with so few books that today he remembers only two, aside from the Bible given to him by his grandmother, The Youth's Companion his only source of the romance that lived somewhere beyond those unyielding mountains, he lived, studied, dreamed. The very isolation demanded self-communion. Concentration of thought grew to be a part of him. He schooled himself not merely to think but to think things through to their conclusions. The result of all this environment and habit was one of the best educated men who ever reached the American Presidency, a man who learned when a boy the fundamentals of government, who learned how to think, who could get within himself and come out with a solution.

President Calvin Coolidge, to leap for a moment across several interesting years, was reminiscent a few days ago. Swinging his chair away from the massive old desk in the office wing of the White House and focusing his eyes meditatively upon the figure of France atop the First Division monument, and across that to the distant Virginia hills, for hills always will contain for him an element of his boyhood, he talked of the days when he was a lonely, shy, silent boy at Plymouth Notch.

The Bible His First Reader

The Bible was his first reader. The two other books that came to mind, stories of Revolutionary days in Vermont, were "The Green Mountain Boys" and "The Rangers, or the Tory's Daughter." And The Youth's Companion was his companion on the mountain side, where he would live for a while away from stern realities; the stories in it that he remembers most vividly today were those

The Boy from Plymouth Notch

By PAUL R. LEACH



Underwood and Underwood

A devoted, old-fashioned American family—Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and their son, John. In the foreground, Rob Roy

created by J. T. Trowbridge, stories that a million other boys have read, and read again to their sons in later years, "The Pocket Rifle," "The Jolly Rover," "Phil and His Friends," "Lost on the Tide," "A Start in Life"; stories of a master teller of tales for boys, first seen in The Companion.

Until he was thirteen years old this boy with so few playmates, no brothers, already touched deeply by sorrow, studied at the little district school. Children came there from the surrounding hill-farm country; the President remembers no more than twenty-five boys and girls attending classes—only twenty-five of assorted ages. Finishing the elementals of his education there, he went thirteen miles to Ludlow, Vermont, with a copy of Greenough's Latin Grammar

and the Bible given to him by his grandmother, there to study at the Black River Academy. Two things were impressive there. It was the nearest railroad station to Plymouth Notch, and the academy had a library. There began the intensive reading that has never been permitted to lapse—history, the story of America, of the countries of the world; the great orations of Webster and Clay; the Constitution, and what it meant.

He was like the

other boys of his mountain land, and, like other real boys, he—well, there is a story that old Black River boys tell of an escapade which vexed the master of the school. Pull as he might one morning on the long hempen rope reaching to the bell tower, no answering clang called the boys to classes. There was an investigation. A small donkey had been laboriously carried up three flights of stairs and tied to the rope. The greatly annoyed little beast was restored to his placid browsing, and, as the story goes, a boy since prominent in Massachusetts, and another who traveled much beyond the Bay State legislature, were determined to be the responsible parties. Just what happened then is a lost chapter, but Black River boys say there were no more such doings.



You have heard about "keeping your nose to the grindstone." Here is the very stone C. C. knew all about as a boy

mont farm was not conducive to excellence in sports. He was characterized by Professor Grosvenor as "doing good work in mathematics, English and French," while he studied government and history; and, again quoting this Amherst teacher, "he specialized in his own mind." That meant obtaining information, turning it into him, to be sifted, digested, filed away.

It was in his senior year that he entered the national essay competition of the Sons of the American Revolution. His severely thought-out work was declared the best prepared by any American student and won for him a medal valued at \$150. That, at the age of twenty-three years, he was thinking seriously upon subjects which were to be so necessary in later life, that he had been preparing himself with information which would be of value, instead of reading things which would be worthless, was displayed in his essay, "The Principles Fought for in the American Revolution." "Sovereignty," he wrote then, "is always finally vested in the people."

Graduated from Amherst, he made his decision, the decision that every boy must make. Would he return to Plymouth Notch and there take up the general store and farm of his fathers? Or would he, prepared, as he believed, for a more complete start in life, seek a greater field for his abilities?

He went to Northampton, Massachusetts, and that was his home until he moved from the governorship of that state to the vice-presidency at Washington. His choice was the law, and into the offices of Hammond & Field, two fine old Yankees, he moved, there to read their law books and to prepare for the practice of law. Some time after he had been a silent student in those rooms, Mr. Hammond heard of the essay contest.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you really won a medal in competition with boys from all over the country?"

"Yes, sir," the law student replied. He was embarrassed.

"I suppose your folks," then said the old lawyer, "were pretty proud of you?"

"Well,—er,—I don't think they know," was the astounding reply. "I haven't told them about it. But maybe I had better tell father."

Plenty of Hard Work

Of his political career much has been written. He was mayor of Northampton, representative of his district in the state legislature, a state senator, president of the senate, governor.

As a boy Calvin Coolidge was never permitted a slack brain or lagging muscles. He worked, and there was hard work to be done about the house, in the woods, in the fields. There were logs to be dragged in the fall and winter for fuel, maple sirup to be made in the spring, hay to be cut and dried in the summers. He sowed his first wheat, when his grandfather was still with him, at six years of age. Work, productive work, was not merely a necessity or a habit. It was a part of the religion of the people in those hills, just as it had been a fundamental with his pioneering fathers. Waste with them, with all pioneer peoples of our country, was equivalent to sin.

Even as President, upon his returns to Plymouth Notch for summer vacations with his father, he would find work for his hands—a roof to be shingled, a fence to be painted, hay to be made in the fields. And President Coolidge has believed in work for his sons. A year before the nation mourned with the grieving nation and woman in the White House over the passing of the younger son, Calvin, the two boys put in a summer season of work on a Connecticut farm.

"Say," a fellow worker remarked to young Calvin one day, "if my father was President of the United States, I wouldn't be here working."

"If my father was your father, you would," came back an unsmiling, quiet retort.

And when John, the other son, began his studies at Amherst, the President, his father, quietly asked newspaper correspondents not to "make a fuss over" the boy. Calvin Coolidge had to stand upon his own feet; he wants his own son to do likewise.

In the attic of a relative's house at

Plymouth, near the old home where Colonel John Coolidge passed to rest last winter, there were found odds and ends of furniture and family relics of half a dozen past generations. Among the articles were several pieces that President Coolidge as a boy constructed in rainy day experiments with cabinet-making. Idle hands were never permitted in that household. Busy hands helped develop a busy brain.

"A Good Common Boy"

Visitors to Plymouth Notch during the campaign summer of 1924 had difficulty in seeing the President or Mrs. Coolidge. They were resting, were not to be disturbed. The secret-service men saw to that. But Colonel John, the President's father, could be found at Cilley's store,—the store that had been his own, the building in which the President was born,—and it seemed a pleasure for him to answer the thousand and one questions asked of him by a thousand and one persons. It was easy to see that Colonel John was pleased to answer those questions, yet his replies were never boastful, never extravagant. There was always a pause between question and answer as Colonel John considered his replies.

"Calvin," he said one day, "always did what he was told to do."

It was a sunny afternoon, the green slope



A big elm tree guards the farm

of the mountain was clean cut in the sweet air of the uplands—what a wonderful thing it is to have a mountain top before one's eyes!

"Calvin was just an ordinary, good, common boy. There was one thing about him—you could always depend upon him. Tell him to do something, he did it first time, and did it well. If he did not like it, he never said so. Yes, sir, he was dependable always. I believe the people will always find him the same, as President. What he believes he ought to do he will do, regardless of opposition. That is my boy as I have learned him."

"Did you urge him to study law?"

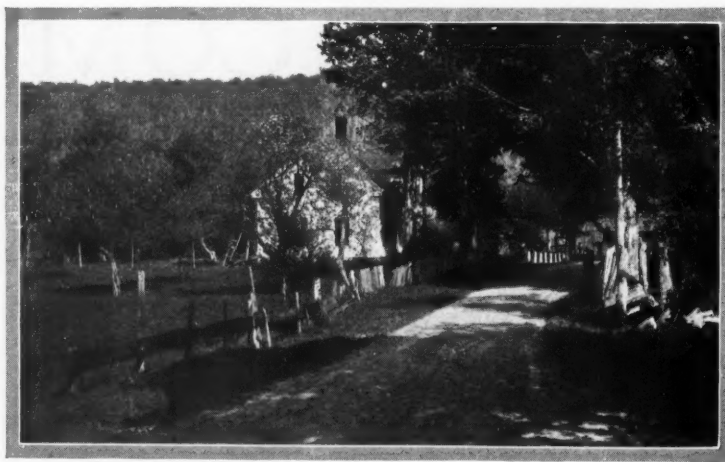
"I told him to do what he thought best," came the well-considered reply. "On the whole," with a sly, sideways glance at the questioner, "I think Calvin's judgment was probably right."

Believing himself right in his insistence upon national governmental economy, Mr. Coolidge has told this story himself:

"The first Presidential campaign of which I have any recollection resulted in the election of James A. Garfield. As a small boy I approached my father, who was a very good business man, with the proposition that he should furnish me with a penny with which to buy some candy. He told me that we were in the midst of a political campaign, and that there was a possibility that we were going to elect a Democratic President. 'Such an action,' he said, and the twinkle that comes to the somber eyes of the President may be imagined, 'would undoubtedly be followed by hard times, and therefore it is necessary to economize.' That was a good, sound doctrine, I think; anyhow, it had to do for me. But I recall that the morning after the election I learned that James A. Garfield had been chosen President. I went to my father and told him that the result indicated we were to continue a Republican administration, and, with that prospect in view, I was able to secure the advance of, I think, the sum I had asked."

No Sense of Humor?

It has been said that the President has no humor. Here is an instance of the laconic dryness that occasionally in the White



Looking down the lane toward Calvin Coolidge's home at Plymouth, Vt.

House gives ample proof to the contrary:

The 1924 primaries were boiling. Mr. Coolidge, then in the White House, where he had succeeded Mr. Harding, was a candidate in his own right. The country was seething as nominees of the other party were being discussed; a third party was forming; there were aspirants of his own political faith. But the atmosphere at the White House was calm. A friend called on the President, found him sitting quietly behind his desk. There was not a scrap of work upon it, and that, by the way, is another of the things he insists upon; there is no work left for tomorrow that can be done today.

"Why," the caller exclaimed, for the scene was so different from what he had expected, "you are not terribly busy, are you?" "No," was the blunt answer, "but some folks are."

He Only Speaks When He Has Something to Say

A silent man is popularly supposed to have no sentiment in his make-up. When Col. John Coolidge went to Washington from Plymouth Notch for the inauguration of his son as President in March, 1925, he took with him the small Bible that had been the President's as a boy, the one given to him by his grandmother. When, before thousands of persons massed before the east front of the Capitol, the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice William Howard Taft, the President's right hand rested upon that Bible, opened at the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. That chapter had been a favorite of the grandmother's; often had she read it to the boy Calvin.

Step into President Coolidge's office in the White House. A slender man of medium height, whose repressed manner is at once apparent, rises from his chair, removes heavy horn-rimmed spectacles. A large white Collie dog, Rob Roy, comes across the room, wags his feathery tail and then, without a word or apparent sign of command, and with the dignity that he very apparently feels in being the White House dog, leaves the room.

Repression, the habit of a lifetime, is evident in every tone of the Coolidge voice, every spare gesture. It is a softly modulated voice with a Yankee nasal tang. Closely

compressed lips are scarcely separated as he talks, but the visitor who has heard much of a toneless, dry voice is surprised, for it can be full and rich. There is no hesitation in the selection of words. He stands easily erect; he has neither a lounging slouch nor a ramrod stiffness. The drooping corners of the mouth lift, little crinkles come at the corners of the gray restful eyes; the whole somber face is transformed.

Biographers have said that the repressed Coolidge disposition does not match the auburn of his hair. But intimates of the President know that there are occasions when he speaks his mind bluntly and fully, in no uncertain terms. There are days, almost running into weeks, when he utters not a word to a soul. Those are times when he has knotty problems to be solved. The well-ordered mind, in such an instance, gathers all the available facts, marshals them; and then he goes within himself, exercising that faculty with which he was born, and which was schooled into him by his father and by his hills, and which he himself has so assiduously cultivated. Eventually the crinkly smile returns; a solution has been reached; the President not only talks to visitors but often holds them for lengthy conversations.

These moods of intense concentration are known and respected by the White House staff, by his personal friends. They have learned, especially those who knew him as a younger man, that the granite mountains have taught him isolated concentration—just as the corn fields, the prairies, the forests have taught other isolated boys to commune with themselves toward definite results.

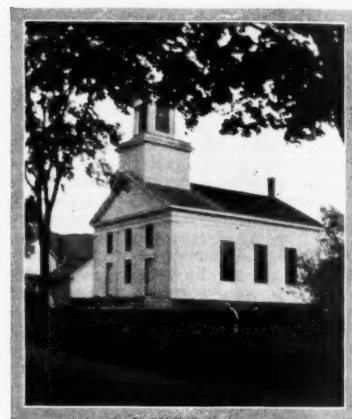
Mr. Coolidge has been called "The enigma of the White House." His laconic type is unusual in national politics, but it is by no means uncommon in America. It is distinctly of the American pioneer sort. His homely, dryly-humorous prototypes may be found not alone in New England but in various other parts of the country, especially the Middle West and the Southern border states, settled by these same Yankees. I have found them in Ohio, in Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Iowa, in Kansas. The deep-thinking, reverent, isolated farmer or village man knows Calvin Coolidge without ever meeting him. Some of the President's popularity is due to that very thing.

A southern Indiana farmer once sat with me on his doorstep and discussed his pack of dogs, which lay sprawled about us in the shade.

"There's Jude," he drawled. "Jude's a good tracker, but like as not when ye follow up her yowlin' she's run a rabbit into a hedge instead of treelin' a coon. Posey's been a pup fer eight year and never'll outgrow it. Mousie bays an' bays an' bays, an' that's all it ever amounts to. But Buck, Buck he goes along 'ith his nose to the ground, never sayin' aye, yes or no, until finally ye hear him youp. An' ye kin be sartin when Buck opens his mouth there's somethin' up a tree. Folks is like them dogs, some."

Who Is "the White House Spokesman"?

When Mr. Coolidge speaks he says something. There has been talk, in some newspapers, about "the White House spokesman." There is no White House spokesman other than Mr. Coolidge. Twice a week, Tuesday noon and Friday at four o'clock, he sees the Washington newspaper correspondents. They send in to his desk written questions, and the President answers such as he feels he can reply to. He gives no uncertain understanding of his beliefs in those conferences. Because of an old unwritten



The meetinghouse across the road

rule of the correspondents, the President and the Vice-President are never quoted directly in newspapers, except in their public speeches, or when permission is given especially. A reporter, attempting to find a way of attributing Presidential utterances to an official source despite the unwritten rule, invented the term, "White House Spokesman," and it has remained. No one in the White House or in all Washington speaks for Calvin Coolidge; he does that for himself.

His Sound Inheritance

There are numerous Coolidges (or Coolidges) in New England. They are all more or less distantly related, for genealogical research indicates that the American family began with a John Coolidge who was born in Plymouth, England, came to America in 1630, just ten years after the Mayflower Pilgrims, and settled at Watertown, Massachusetts.

The President is of the ninth generation of his family on American soil. The Vermont branch was founded by a John Coolidge, who moved to Plymouth Notch about 1780. His son, Calvin, was father of Calvin Galusha Coolidge, born in 1815. He was the father of Col. John Coolidge, the man who had the supreme pleasure of administering the oath of office to his son when Vice-President Coolidge became President. That was in the little home, fifty yards from the place where the President was born.

They were a family of storekeepers and farmers, not poor as we regard poverty in congested cities today—"well off," so far as their requirements were concerned. But, while they did not want, dollars came too slowly from that hard soil to be wasted. When a dollar was expended for anything, it must return full value. Economy of words and economy of dollars are not a pose with Calvin Coolidge; they are a part of him. It is not difficult to understand that he was born with a rich heritage of silent, thorough thinking in a world that talks too much.

It does seem that Fate must have smiled when she saw that Calvin Coolidge, destined to be the President of his country, was born, in the year 1872, on the Fourth of July!



Around Plymouth is a girdle of friendly green hills

THE rectory doorbell rang sharply. An instant later Agnes Fletcher, hurrying down the staircase, saw from the landing her sixteen-year-old son Max, standing straight and stiff, just inside the vestibule door. He was refusing to be shown anywhere. His handsome young face was set in rigid lines of gloom.

"Tell me where Mrs. Fletcher is," he was saying to the maid. "I don't want to see anyone else."

Agnes called softly, "Son,"—from the landing, and he looked up and saw her smiling down at him. No responsive smile lit his face, but into his eyes sprang an expression which was a mingling of several things, from which love was by no means absent. He walked toward her with long strides, hat in hand. Then he marched up the stairs to the landing, bent and kissed her coldly, and followed her up and into the room at the top.

The instant the door closed his formality vanished. He flung his hat upon a chair and seized the slender figure in both arms, crushing her with a vehemence which left her breathless. Then he suddenly let her go and stood straight again, towering above her, a proud, unhappy, angry boy of sixteen. She confronted him, a figure of apparent youth and of a beauty equal to his own—very like his own. An exquisite color lit her cheeks; her dark eyes gleamed back into his.

"Max," she said very gently, laying her hands upon his arms. "Don't look like that, dear."

"Mother—" he began and choked. He stood staring at her a moment; then he pulled away from her hold and threw himself upon a couch near by, his head buried among its pillows. He lay motionless for a little, then his broad shoulders heaved.

Agnes Fletcher came and sat down upon the edge of the couch, watching him. Her hand fell softly upon his thick, dark hair, then caressed the bit of cheek which showed beyond the pillow.

"Max," she began, when the shoulders heaved again, "I didn't tell you sooner because I didn't know myself. It has all been arranged within three days—since you went away on this visit. Doctor Blake did not expect to sail until September, but a cable from his mother said that she was far from well, and he dared not delay. Since he means to spend the winter in Germany, it seemed best that I should go with him now and have the summer for travel. I knew it would disappoint you, Max, but I was sure you—"

"Why should you be sure of anything?" came in a smothered tone from the depths of the pillow. "You knew how I felt last winter when you told me you meant to—marry—"

A big sob, and then silence. Presently the boy sat up and faced her, his cheeks crimson, his eyes full of passionate reproach.

"No wonder you can't find anything to say," he flung at her. "Tell me all my life you mean to stay by me through thick and thin, and then pull out and leave me like this. It's a—"

"Max!" It was a gentle tone still, but there was in it a quality which checked him in the full tide of his accusation. His eyes fell.

"You can't blame me," he went on, something like sullenness on his finely cut lips. "You're all I have—and all I want. It's different with me than with other fellows. They have brothers and sisters; and their mothers are old and fat and grouchy, not young and pretty and chummy like you. Think what pals we've been, mother—"

"I know, dear."

"And now that's all up."

"No!"

"Of course it is. Don't I know?"

"I don't think you do, Max."

"When I hugged you just now," he said, and his voice dropped to an intensely solemn, tragic tone, "it was for the last time."

It would have been amusing if she had not been his mother, and if he had not meant it with all the wild sincerity of youth.

"Why do you say such a thing, Max?" she asked, without flinching, though her heart was sore.

"Because it's true. I can't have what belongs to—another man."

"Do you think I am giving up my motherhood, dear?"

"You're giving up everything—because



Max's arms came round his mother. After a little he threw his head up and back and, still holding her, gazed into her eyes

A Case for Diplomacy

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

he demands everything. I know him, and I know you."

"No, you do not, Max. And I cannot have you say such things. Do you want me to lie awake all night, when tomorrow is—tomorrow?"

He said something under his breath which she could not hear. Then he sat and looked at her. All at once he threw himself down upon his knees before her and buried his head in her lap. His arms came round her. She murmured one or two loving sentences in his ear. After a little he threw his head up and back and, still holding her, gazed into her eyes.

"Mother," he pleaded in a hot whisper which seemed to burn her face, "give him up—give it all up—and stay with me. I can't spare you. I'll stay by you forever. I'll—I'll never marry."

She smiled, a sad little smile, and her lips trembled.

"Oh, Max, Max!" she said. "Is this you—my brave, strong boy—to ask such a thing—tonight?"

He could not understand it—he refused to understand it. Doctor Blake was a good enough fellow, at least he used to think so. But no kind of a man to be marrying his mother. His mother! It wasn't anything in particular he held against Doctor Blake's character or personality. To him, Doctor Blake was no worse a fellow than lots of men whom he knew fairly well and liked fairly well. Indeed, he had to admit that there had been a time, before all this rotten business came up, when he had considered Doctor Blake as having "the makings of a real corker."

The moment that this new situation had dawned upon Max, Doctor Blake assumed in Max's mind the proportions of an out-and-out thief. Was he going to sit by and smile politely, while this man stole his mother from him?

For another thing, Max had always worshipped the memory of his father, who had been dead for many years—so many years that Max had nearly forgotten exactly what he looked like. During all these stormy reflections, aroused so suddenly, it never once occurred to Max that his mother had a single argument in her favor.

HE was on his feet instantly, this absurd fellow with the beautiful face so like her own, distorted now with his proud anger.

"I'll say no more," he blurted, and he seized his hat. "My congratulations to you both. I wish you much joy. I hope you'll have a happy summer. But don't expect me—tomorrow. I can't stand everything, and I can't stand that."

His hand was on the door, but she sprang after him.

"Max, you shall not go this way," she cried. "Why, think what you are doing, dear. It is unkind. It is—unmanly—"

"Yes, that's the beginning," he sneered.

"That's the sort of thing I may expect to hear from now on."

He flung open the door and fell back before the unexpected presence of his uncle, his mother's brother. Sterrett Wayne stood there, with hand uplifted to knock; another young, upright figure, with something of the same look that marked the other two.

"Hello!" he said. "So you've come, Max. And going already? And in a red rage? Here, boy—hold on. You're not distressing your mother—tonight?"

He caught the young fellow's arm, as Max was pushing by. Max would have shaken him off, but Sterrett held fast.

"Max, you won't leave the house?" his sister interposed. "Let him go, Sterrett." The boy nodded, fiercely. "No, dear—no, Max." She drew herself up with an air as proud as his. "I forbid it."

He turned and looked back into her eyes.

After an instant hers conquered. She had ruled him all his life. It had been with love, but she had ruled.

"I will obey you," he said, with high head. "But I will not go to—the church, tomorrow."

He walked across the hall into the room which was always his when he and his mother stayed at the rectory, and closed the door. The lock clicked sharply.

"What's all this, Agnes?" demanded her brother, when he had shut the door of his sister's room. "Confound the young idiot! You don't tell me he's raising a row over your marriage here at the last minute?"

She sank into a chair, covering her eyes with her hand.

"He deserves a thrashing," muttered Wayne.

"Sterrett, don't be hard on him," she urged, lifting her head. "He's only a boy, and this means—he thinks it means—everything to him. As he puts it, 'we've been such pals,' and he's sure all that is over. He's very bitter against Roger; nothing can make him like him at all, now, though he admired him very much before—this. He knew of our engagement, but I think he never quite believed it would be fulfilled—against his will."

"A great, big, undisciplined, unreasoning boy's will," declared her brother impatiently. "He'll get over it, Agnes. Don't let his high tragedy make you unhappy tonight."

"He will not come—tomorrow."

"Nonsense! He will."

"You don't know him."

"He shall, then."

"No, he can't be driven. Don't try it, Sterrett. I'm sorry he has been away on this visit. If he had been here from the first, and if Roger could have talked with him—"

"When does Roger come?"

"His train doesn't get in till an hour before the ceremony—11.05, I think."

"Does Lieutenant Ramsdell come with him?"

"Yes."

"Don't worry, little girl," said her brother, crossing over to lay an affectionate hand upon the dusky masses of her hair. "Jove, but you do look like a girl yet! When you and Max come down the street together it might be the lad and his sweetheart. In a way I don't blame the youngster, and in a way—a dozen ways—I do."

HE went thoughtfully downstairs and walked up and down the big hall, pulling at his little black moustache. Presently he shut himself into the long-distance telephone closet, under the staircase landing. After the usual amount of red tape and an impatient waiting he was able to say:

"Hello—this Doctor Blake?"

"Yes," came over two hundred miles of wire to his ear.

A dozen sentences were exchanged in quick succession. Then the distant voice said, in a tone, the firm decisiveness of which was so characteristic that Sterrett smiled to himself:

"Not a word more to the lad, please, Wayne. Leave him to me. I think I understand him. And say nothing of this to his mother. Thank you for telling me. See you tomorrow. Anything more? All right. Good-by."

Sterrett Wayne hung up the receiver with a satisfied air and moved away, whistling. If anything could be done to relieve his sister in a decidedly trying situation, he was confident that Blake was the man to do it—how, he did not know. The physician was in the habit of solving difficult problems in human nature; it was by no means incredible, even in the brief time remaining, that he should solve this. He thought it over for a long time.

Blake liked the boy—liked him for his fiery independence, for his devotion to his mother; above all, Blake liked Max because Max seemed to him to have inherited all the nobility and sincerity of the woman that he was about to make his wife.

It was true he had had experience with all kinds of men in all kinds of situations; but he did not feel his usual confidence in handling this critical development.

On that Tuesday evening two somewhat unusual telegrams were exchanged. One of them ran thus:

To Lieut. Arthur Ramsdell, U. S. A.:
Please wire me at once your unavoidable detention tomorrow. Letter will explain seeming insanity.
R. D. Blake

To which in due time came the accommodating reply:

To Dr. Roger D. Blake: To great regret unavoidably detained from being with you tomorrow.
A. Ramsdell

In the early morning of Wednesday a special delivery letter inclosing the latter telegram was received for by Max Fletcher, arrayed in pajamas, and wearing an expression indicating extreme depression of spirit. When he had read the letter this expression changed to one which it would have been hard to analyze, such a mingling of conflicting emotions did it display.

At eleven o'clock Agnes Fletcher, dressed for her marriage, slipped across the hall to her son's door. She had seen nothing of him that morning. There was no response to her knock. After an instant's hesitation she opened the door and found the room empty. Upon a small table near at hand she saw lying a note addressed to herself. With a pale face she broke it open.

It was of a piece with Max's previous conduct, for it read curtly thus:

I will not let you sail without seeing me, but don't expect anything more of your unhappy Max.

She kissed the note, written in Max's youthfully bold hand, and slipped it inside her gown—her wedding gown.

It was to be a very quiet affair, this marriage. Mrs. Fletcher and Max had spent much of the time, during the years of Agnes' widowhood, here at the rectory of St. Stephen's, the home of her elder sister and of that best of brothers-in-law, the Bishop. In the great, stately church adjoining, almost a cathedral in its size and massive beauty, the ceremony, among the simplest of bridal accompaniments, was to be performed at noon. Her brother, Sterrett Wayne, was to give the bride away, and Lieutenant Ramsdell was to come in with his old friend, Dr. Roger Blake. After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast of a certain elegant simplicity, which characterized all entertaining at the rectory, was to be served, and at three the Aquitania would sail with Doctor and Mrs. Blake on board.

No more unpretentious wedding had occurred in town for years, yet somehow not one of the small threescore of guests bidden had failed to respond with eagerness. It was not every day that people had the chance to witness the nuptials of such a pair as Mrs. Fletcher and Roger Blake.

"READY, Agnes?" called the Bishop's lady, at her sister's door. "Ah, yes. Dear, you are lovely. That pale gray gown is the most exquisite thing with your black hair and eyes, and your beautiful color. You were right to have the hat gray, too. I had thought black, but this is better—for you. Here are the violets, dear. I shouldn't have had you carry violets, but the doctor would have nothing else. They are perfect with your gown, I admit. Agnes—where is Max? I meant he should go in with me, but I can't find him."

"He will be here soon, I think, Sara," Agnes Fletcher answered steadily, though her eyes dropped. "If not, don't wait for him. He—is feeling badly, you know, and may prefer to slip in somewhere. He—said as much."

When Sterrett met his sister at the foot of the staircase she was trembling, and he discerned the cause.

"Young jackass!" he murmured hotly to himself, then said in an undertone, "Steady, Duchess."

"He's nowhere about, is he?" she whispered.

"Not that I can discover."

"He wrote me a scrap of a note and said that I should see him before we sail. If it were not for that I think I—couldn't bear it."

"Pshaw, Agnes," comforted her brother, though he was beginning to feel decidedly doubtful as to the success of Doctor Blake's methods of overcoming obstacles. "It's just the cub of it, to perform this graceless dance. He'll come round. He's sulky now, but he won't carry it through. The youngster has a warm heart, and it beats solely for you—as yet. He knows he's wrong."

The two were proceeding slowly down the cloister-like corridor which led from rectory to church. Just before they reached the end, Sterrett turned and faced his sister.

"Agnes," said he impressively, "in that frock and that big hat and those violets you're enough to turn the head of any man. On the whole, I don't think I blame the lad at all. I'm getting confoundedly jealous of Roger Blake myself."

Which was possibly quite the most tactful bit of brotherly speech-making at this critical moment that could have been conceived. Agnes Fletcher, though a woman of the sweetest and soundest sense, would hardly have been a woman at all if, in spite of the tears on her heavy black lashes, the lips below had not curved faintly into a smile.

A moment later she was pacing slowly down the aisle on Sterrett's arm, conscious of the soft strains of music from the hidden boy-choir—than which sweeter music is never made this side of heaven; of the uprising of the little group of people at the front of the church; of the kind, fine face of the

Bishop, before the palms of the altar; of the entrance from the side of the chancel of the two figures, one of whom meant so much to her. At thought of this figure, to whose face as she advanced she could not yet lift her eyes, her soul leaped and her courage came back. Yes, it was worth doing—for him. There could be no question of that. Yet at the same moment her heart cried out, "Oh, Max—Max—where are you?"

As she neared the altar, she raised her eyes at last. She could not marry Roger without giving him the one long look he would surely expect. She met his gaze—steady, comprehending, ardent—and knew she could not have gone back even for love of her boy. As her eyes left his something about the figure at his side drew them. Surely it was not Lieutenant Ramsdell's full, broad-girthed form that stood there at Roger's elbow; this was slenderer, lithier, more graceful—a singularly familiar form. Though she had meant to look at no human face after her eyes left Roger's, involuntarily she raised them to this one. Oh, Max—Max—was it you after all?

Proudly, head up, shoulders back, the faintest possible flush of his smooth young cheek, his eyes meeting hers squarely, stood Max, looking like a prince beside a royal lover. His mother's swelling heart told her that no happier woman had ever stood before St. Stephen's altar.

After the service she saw the boy but for an instant. In the corridor leading back to the rectory she found herself swept suddenly into a familiar, impetuous embrace. The next moment Max had vanished down a small side hall.

He did not reappear at the breakfast, but Roger whispered in his wife's ear that their son would drive with them to their ship's pier, and she rested in that hope. When the door of the Bishop's car closed upon them Max was beside his mother, and Roger Blake, on the opposite seat, was smiling at them both.

All the way to the pier, her hand lay in her son's. She could not talk, and Max, though his rigidity had given way to a more natural bearing, was similarly silent. It was Doctor Blake who somehow saved the situation from utter strangeness, though it would have been hard for any of them to tell afterwards just what he had said or done. Before the carriage reached the pier, however, he said something which made both Max and Agnes start and look at him.

"I have a little plan to propose," he began very quietly. "It's occurred to me that it could easily be arranged for Max to go with us and spend the summer over there. He could return in September in time for the opening of school. I've not had a chance to talk it over with either of you, but I've taken the liberty, Max, of having a few of your

things packed and sent down to the pier with ours. Anything more that you need can be bought when we land. You'll forgive me, I hope," he added with his characteristically straightforward look into the young fellow's eyes. "I'm not trying to play a trick on you, or carry you off by force. The decision rests wholly with you. But I want to assure you that I'm entirely sincere, and that your presence will give me pleasure. You can have no doubt of your mother's feeling in the matter."

Two pairs of very beautiful and exceedingly astonished eyes were staring at him. Then Agnes Blake's turned upon her son's.

"Oh, Roger!" she said softly, first; and then—"Oh, Max!"

The boy looked down at her. The lines about his mouth softened suddenly, beyond any softening that had taken place in them since he had come home. But he did not smile. After an instant he turned and gazed fixedly out of the window. Nobody said another word until the carriage was within a block of the pier. Then Max cleared his throat. He turned about, bent, and laid a full, boyish kiss upon his mother's lips. Then he looked across at Roger.

"Thanks very much," he said simply. "But I'm not quite such a baby as that."

"I shall not think you a baby," Roger Blake answered, smiling.

"I should be one if I shouldered myself into your—wedding journey. I've been rather a small boy up till now,"—his cheeks flushed, though his eyes were steady,— "but I think I won't go quite back to my rattle days. That's not saying I don't appreciate the invitation, though," he added, with the courtesy which he had been taught all his life, and which, now that he was himself again, sat naturally upon him.

"I should love to have you go, Max," said his mother, her eyes full of unshed tears, but shining proudly, nevertheless.

But Max only answered, "It's all right, mother," in a firm tone which she understood, for there was no anger in it now.

He came upon the boat with them, stayed until the last moment, saying little but watching his mother with his loyal heart in his eyes. When he had kissed her and whispered his good-by—a little chokily—into her ear, still holding her hand in one of his, he stretched out his other hand to Roger.

"Good-by, sir," he said. "You know—it's all right."

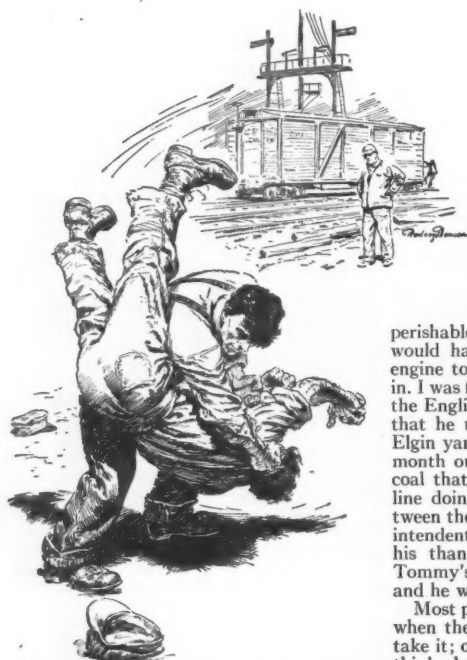
"Max, you're a trump," the other answered and wrung his hand.

But the boy, as he ran down the gang-plank and out upon the pier, dared not look back until he was too far away for them to see the hot tears upon his cheeks. Being a man, at sixteen, is not always the easiest part in the world, after all.

The Dude Brakeman

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON



Mike McGuire tried to wrestle with Halliday and got stood on his head so hard that the doctor had to take three stitches

THE through freight No. 78 had to make fast time over the last division to connect with the east-bound at Elgin on the Belt Line. She generally carried a lot of perishable stuff, and a missed connection would have meant trouble all round. Our engine took her at Colby, and brought her in. I was firing then for old "Tommy Atkins," the Englishman; and I will say this for him, that he used to land "78" on time at the Elgin yards night after night, month in and month out. To be sure, he burned so much coal that I was worn as thin as a straight line doing nothing but swing a shovel between the tender and the fire; but the superintendent cared more for that schedule of his than he did for coal or firemen; so Tommy's bull-headed way was winked at, and he was a big man on the line.

Most people look over a time-table and see when the train goes, and just pack up and take it; or maybe if it's a freight they never think about it at all. A railroad's such a big machine and it seems to work so smoothly, that people don't stop to think that there's a man behind it, and that other men, hundreds of them, are doing their parts of it,

and that if every one was not working like a horse, and losing sleep, and now and then taking long chances, why there wouldn't be any time-tables, nor any trains—nothing but a mess that the best General Manager in the country couldn't straighten out in ten years. Now this isn't a story of adventure; it's the plain facts about one run we made with "78"; and except for Jim Donovan's being hurt—and there's nothing so uncommon about men getting hurt, goodness knows—it wasn't much different from many another run. Nobody ever asked questions or knew anything about it. It was simply one of the three-hundred-and-sixty-odd times that year that "78" pulled into Elgin in time to connect with the east-bound, that's all. And it was also the time that Tommy Atkins, as Mike McGuire, our front brakeman, always says, "got come up with."

You see there was a fellow named Halliday that came in with our crew in March as rear-end brakeman. One of the boys told me that he'd been to a college down East, and was out here learning the business, and I believed it, for he certainly was a queer one. At first the boys thought he was easy, but Mike McGuire tried to wrestle with him and got stood on his head so hard that the doctor

had to take three stitches. Another time, he was asked to box our best heavyweight. The boys thought that a good wrestler probably wouldn't know how to box. Well, sir, he scored a knockout in the third! After that they kind of let him alone except for passing the time of day. He had a lot of books in his room, and he was always reading them when he was off duty; and, as most of the boys never read anything except the newspapers and the five-cent library, they couldn't exactly make him out. But the funniest thing was his clothes. He wore slops like the rest of them, but instead of a cotton shirt, or an undershirt and a handkerchief, he always had on a white boiled shirt with a collar and necktie, or else one of those blue or pink neg—negle—one of the summer kind, you know. No matter if they got dirty, he just went and changed them the first chance he got. He must have blown in half his salary on laundry bills. Once before the wrestling match Jim Donovan, the conductor, spoke to him about it and told him what a mistake he was making, and Halliday just froze up, sort of. He was fussy about it, you see. I never said anything to Tommy about him but once, and then I thought my head would be taken off. Honest, a sight of that white collar would make Tommy mad for an hour.

He was ugly enough to everybody, but he wouldn't let Halliday come into the cab at all if he could help it. Naturally enough, they got to calling him "Dude," and pretty soon he was Dude Halliday to all the boys on the division.

A freight, you know, has to get ahead the best it can, always lying up to let the

passenger trains by, and tied up by a hundred things that a passenger engineer never has to bother about, such as switching and yard delays, and extra weight, likely as not, that makes her pull hard; so that running a through freight on a schedule is a job to turn your hair gray. No matter how you're held back, you've got to make it up the best you can if you don't want the superintendent to have you on the carpet.

Well, sir, it just seemed as if all the hard luck of two months had been saved up for that trip. And queer things, too, that don't happen once in a year. We had twenty-two cars of prize fruit, billed to a big interstate fair at Detroit, and we simply had to get it through in time—there wasn't any "ifs" or "buts" about it. Just out of Colby we had a hot box that lost us two minutes, and made everybody nervous; for we had to get over thirty-seven miles of single track to reach the double track stretch, and there's always a chance of extra delays on a single track. Then too we had only a minute and a quarter of extra time allowed us to meet the St. Paul Limited at the end of the double track. If we kept her waiting, there'd be the mischief to pay.

BUT the meanest thing happened a few miles before we got to Woodward. Some fool laborers had been fixing a road right by the crossing, and had left a red lantern over the excavation. Tommy stopped her so hard that he put square wheels on two of the forward cars—a square wheel, you know, is when she slides along with brakes down and a heavy load, and the wheels grind down flat on one side,—and after that those cars bumped along like a wagonload of scrap iron. I couldn't help wondering if the tracks could stand the pounding. By this time we'd lost nearly three minutes.

We had to slow down going through Woodward, for there was quite a yard there. The agent hadn't any orders for us; so we pulled through the town and hit it up again. And that shows you what they thought of Tommy in the dispatcher's office. There was hardly another man on the division would have been allowed to shove right along, with a heavy freight, on the chance of making up two minutes in thirty miles so the Limited wouldn't be delayed. But the dispatcher knew Tommy could do it. A man might hate Tommy, and pity me, as most of the boys did, for having to work under him, but they couldn't say a word against him, when it came to slamming things through on time and no questions asked.

About half a mile out of Woodward the C. & S. C. crossed over our tracks on a viaduct. And right here I guess I'd better tell about the wind that was blowing that night, or you wouldn't understand how Jim Donovan came to be hurt. You've seen, if you've looked about railroads much, that there's a row of rope ends hanging over the tracks to warn train men when they're coming to a bridge, so they can stoop. You don't generally have to lie down unless you're on the big refrigerator or furniture cars. Well, the wind was just a whooping along the tracks,—we hadn't noticed it much because we were running with it,—and it blew those rope ends out straight, so that Jim, who had been up ahead on the running board, and was walking back, went right under them without touching. He ought to have ducked anyway,—the other boys got through all right,—but his back of course was toward the viaduct, and we hadn't got up much speed yet; and then I guess it must have been one of those times that will come when a fellow isn't looking as sharp as he ought to. The wonder is that he wasn't scraped clean off.

I happened to be looking back along the train just then, and I saw him walking along there. Then we went under the viaduct. Just as the caboose was coming out of the shadow and I was pulling my head in to fire up, I saw Dude's lantern signaling for a full stop. I ducked in and hollered to Tommy, and then looked out again. Even with my head outside I could hear Tommy talking to himself and calling me names and everybody on the train. When he was more than two minutes late he wasn't particular who was in the way.

There were two or three lights bobbing around on the rear car. A minute went by and half of another; and I could hear Tommy, in the cab behind me, talking up good and vigorous about men who hadn't any notion of what a schedule was. Then, just as I was getting ready to go back myself, Dude's lantern swung up again, this time "go ahead." So we went. But Tommy was looking at his watch, and I could see from the way his hand gripped the lever how mad he was. How he did open her out! Before we'd covered half a mile we were going as near like the Omaha Mail Special

"Donovan's laid out," said Dude, talking loud so he'd be heard. "The bridge caught him square. Crowd her as hard as you can. We've got four minutes and a half to make up."

You see it made Tommy mad just to look at Dude's collar and things; and now to have Dude laying down the law to him simply corked him up. He couldn't say anything for a minute. Maybe it was mean of me to enjoy it, but if you'd seen Tommy as I had, every day for a month, bossing and bullying and swearing until you didn't dare call your ears your own, you'd have en-

was getting those twenty-two cars of fruit through to Elgin; and that's where he had the drop on Tommy, who was too riled to think of anything but himself. And more than that, I could see that Dude had Tommy sized up; he knew just how to take him. If all chaps that go to college have as level heads as Dude's, I ain't sure but what there's some good in it after all. He just stood there (and all the while Tommy was fingering the reversing lever) and said, kind of cool and cutting:

"Our last orders were to make that connection, Tommy. They're good until we get other orders. And Jim Donovan says we've got to do it. Now, are you good for making up that time or aren't you? If you aren't, you'd better back down to Woodward and wire the dispatcher that you lost your nerve."

I JUST gasped. There'd never anybody on the division talked up like that to Tommy Atkins. I couldn't help chuckling inside, but I kept on shoveling as if I hadn't heard a thing. It kind of made up for all the ugly things he'd done to me, and all I'd stood simply because he was my boss, and it was my business to swallow my tongue and do what I was told. And then all of a sudden I began to see why Dude was talking that way. He knew that Tommy wouldn't say a word. He knew he'd just jam the throttle open and make up that time in two miles rather than lie down on it. You see the only choice Tommy had was between taking orders from a young dude brakeman or else owning up to him that he couldn't run his engine. It was beautiful. I looked up at Dude, and I saw he meant business—you could tell that from the look in his eye, and the way he stood, and the shifty hang of his arm. Oh, well, maybe it doesn't interest you so much; but it gives me a warm feeling inside to see a fellow like that come up to the scratch. I wanted to hug him.

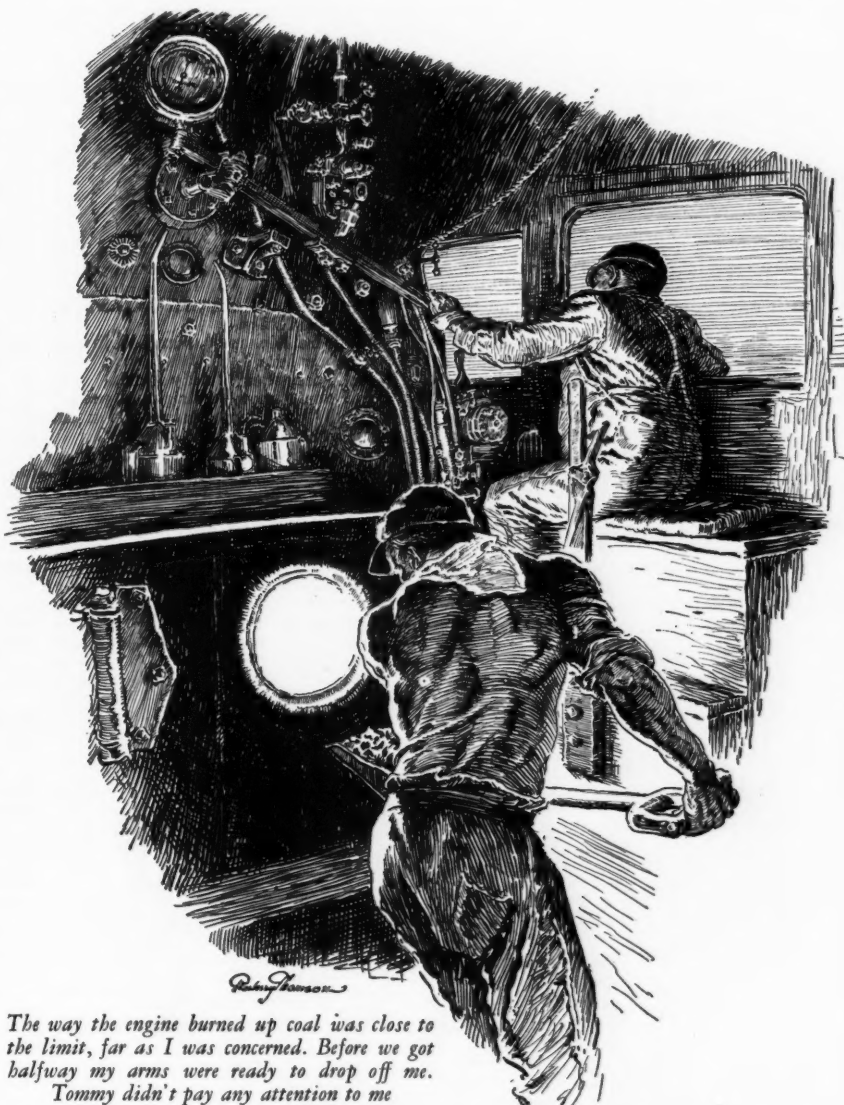
Tommy had partly closed the throttle, but we hadn't begun to slack up much of any. Dude didn't say anything more or do any explaining; he just waited. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds, but it seemed like five minutes. And all the while I could hear those front cars pounding along, bumpety—bumpety—bump—bump—bump!

Making up time may sound easy and simple to a fellow that doesn't know railroads. But making up four minutes and a half in twenty-four or twenty-five miles with a heavy freight behind you, and square wheels on your front cars, is the kind of thing you don't care to have happen every week. There's men now on the line that don't believe we did it. But there we were, and we hadn't much of a choice. And while we were watching, Dude and I (though I only looked out of the tail of my eye), Tommy's face set kind of ugly and funny, and without saying a word he threw her wide open. Dude just turned and went back over the coal and climbed up on the train.

If you'd been on a passenger, you wouldn't have called it fast running. But for a freight it was wonderful. The engine didn't shake and roll around so much, but the way she burned up coal was close to the limit, far as I was concerned. Before we'd got halfway my arms were ready to drop off me, I was so tired; and I wasn't considered weak either. Tommy didn't pay any attention to me. He just sat up there, kind of contemptuous, running her for fair, and keeping his watch out where he could see it. I was so near dead that I guess once I must have staggered a little and leaned against the bench. Tommy growled something without turning around, and I pitched in again, wondering if I could last it out.

We made up all but about a minute getting to the double track. That gave us fifteen seconds to get out of the way of the Limited. But we did it, crowding on every inch; and they only had to slow up a little for us—not enough to make trouble, though Pete Golden, their engineer, must have wondered some, for it wasn't once in months that he had to wait for us.

We still had a minute to make up, and a precious little ways to do it in. Tommy kept her humping along, and I kept on shoveling



The way the engine burned up coal was close to the limit, far as I was concerned. Before we got halfway my arms were ready to drop off me. Tommy didn't pay any attention to me

as ever a freight train did, and the front cars with their square wheels were rolling and bumping and banging over the rails—I didn't see how they were going to keep the track, but I reckoned I could stand it if Tommy could, and I wasn't going to say anything. If anything happened, there would probably be time to jump.

THEN Dude came running forward, jumped down on the tender and came scrambling over the coal. Now of course everything was happening quick. He talked fast, we all talked fast; but you see I couldn't be expected to remember exactly what was said,—in the very words, that is,—and it's likely to seem longer here than it really was. But if you'll try to imagine it,—Dude standing there in his white collar and red necktie and dogskin gloves, holding his lantern with one hand and hanging on with the other; Tommy sitting up on his high seat, in blue overalls, face and hands grimy, holding the throttle tight and watching out ahead with his little pig eyes; and me swinging like a pendulum from tender to fire-box, fire-box to tender, and tender to fire-box again, all running with sweat and wishing Tommy could manage to get a little more out of his coal, for he wasted horribly,—if you'll just try to imagine how it looked and how fast things were moving along, we'll understand each other all right, I guess.

joyed it too. For now Tommy made the only real mistake I ever saw him make. He got so mad that he'd have let the schedule go plump into the Chicago River before he'd have taken an order from Dude, right or wrong.

"What did you do with him?" says Tommy. His voice was quiet, but I could see his eyes.

"He's in the caboose. Mike's staying with him. I don't believe it's very serious—a few ribs cracked, perhaps."

"Who's running the train?" Tommy was beginning to find his voice and talk snappy.

"Donovan told me to take it," Dude knew all right what Tommy thought of him, but he talked just as quiet as you like.

"What are your orders?"

"My orders are to make the connection at Elgin."

Tommy's lips came together. He never looked around, but just reached for the reversing lever.

"Here, what are you doing?" says Dude. He was beginning to talk snappy too.

Then I spoke up, kind of low, for fear there'd be trouble.

"You don't understand, Dude," I said. "We've only got twenty-five miles left to make up that time in. He won't risk it without orders."

He acted as if he didn't hear me. I could see that he didn't care a rap what Tommy said or thought, for all he was thinking about

—I'd got to the point where I was swinging back and forth like a machine without hardly knowing what I was doing. The first thing I knew—it was as if I had been waked up, though I seemed to be shoveling all right—was when Tommy pulled the whistle, and I knew we must be in the Elgin yards. Then I saw Dude climbing down over the coal. He was pretty grimy himself now; you see he was doing double work, for Mike was back with Jim Donovan in the caboose.

"Come back to the head of the fruit cars, Lew," he said to me, "and cut them off when I signal. We'll run them in on the fly."

I threw in a last shovelful, wiped the sweat off my face, and followed Dude, who was

running back along the train. My, how those front cars bobbed around! I nearly got joggled off the running board. I passed "Hickory" Daggett, our other brakeman, who was setting brakes, and climbed down on the couplings at the head of the first fruit car.

In a minute I saw Dude's lantern, and I uncoupled, hanging on to the fruit car, while the engine, with the forward cars, shot on ahead and slid out on the switch—there was always a switchman ready for us, our connection was so close, you know. The excitement made me partly forget how tired I was; and I was feeling a little clearer headed. I could see the fellow at the switch,

jamming her over so that we wouldn't follow the engine out on the siding—it took quick work, too—and up ahead the brakeman's light on the rear car of the east-bound, waiting for us. So I climbed up to the running board and tried to jam the brakes down; but honest, I actually didn't have the strength left to do it. Not that it was easy, for Daggett had gone out on the siding with the other cars, and Dude was back on the last section, so that I was alone; and checking twenty-two heavy cars single-handed ain't a straight open-and-shut by any means. Luckily, we were rolling along slow or we'd have smashed things; as it was we hit the east-bound pretty hard, and their

brakeman spoke up kind of ugly. I didn't wait for any heart-to-heart talks, though; I dropped off and ran after our engine.

Now, you see, that's all there was about it. Old "78" was reported in fourteen minutes late, but nobody said anything. I was nearly dead, and Dude and Daggett were nearly dead, but we went out again next day just as usual. And ten days later Jim Donovan went out too. And if this ain't writing enough—if you wanted to see somebody rescue somebody, or to see Dude get promoted,—why I'm sorry, but it isn't my fault. I'm telling you about the railroad business, and you have to take it the way it happened, that's all.

"BUT listen, poor fish," argued Billy Armstrong. "You don't have to rush the girls, or raise the dickens, or keep a car, just because the other guys in a fraternity do."

"I know I don't," retorted Jimmy Byers. "And I don't have to live with fellows that put in most of their time doing those things, either."

"Afraid of temptation, old weak knees?" jeered Billy.

"No, but I don't have to join a fraternity when there's no point to it," said Jimmy. "Friendship is the great thing about a fraternity, as I get it. Well, I've got you and Les, and you're my kind of guys. If we three join the Beta Phi, you'll be the only ones of my kind in the crowd, see? So why join them, when we're already together?"

"Well, they're the class of this college," growled Billy.

"Socially, maybe," put in Les Moore, the biggest of the three chums. "And sportily, but where does that get us? Listen, Bill, Jimmy's got it right. These fellows are not our kind. Let's hold off awhile, and stay here in our own diggin's."

The three boys, freshmen at Jordan University, were in their rooms after a visit with the Beta Phis for dinner. The Betas, through some Eastern connection, had learned that Billy Armstrong was in school. Looking him up, and, finding him in company with two other athletes from Lockerbie Hall, they had rushed the three for membership in the fraternity. Coming from a military school and knowing little of Greek-letter organizations, the chums had agreed early to refuse invitations, or "spikes," from fraternities until they were better acquainted with the ways of Jordan.

"I'm in favor of joining some time," Les Moore had argued. "Both of my brothers were Greeks at Ohio State, and they say the fraternity life was worth almost as much to them as the university work."

"Probably they're right too," said Jimmy. "But that was because they hooked up with the right gang."

Billy Armstrong fell in with the thought of the other two, but when the Beta Phi, most of whom were from wealthy families and had plenty of money to spend, looked him up, he yearned to join them. The argument, after the dinner, lasted long into the night. Les Moore sought to end it.

"Anyhow," he declared, "we three stick together, and Jim and I vote against these Beta Phis. That ought to settle it."

"Well, that's not the way to convince Billy, and he's entitled to be shown," Jimmy objected. "Here, Billy, these cake-eaters in the Beta Phi crowd are not your kind, even if you think they are. Your dad could buy and sell the whole bunch, see? And so could you. Why should you tie up with a cheap imitation of society? If you want that sort of thing, wait till you get the real article."

"Atta boy," yelled Les. "That stops the show. Good night. I'm going to bed."

Billy dropped his advocacy of the Beta Phi. A few days later the fraternity question came up again, the Chi Sigma Taus sending a freshman football player to invite the three musketeers to dinner. Neither Les nor Billy was much impressed with this group, and Jimmy, when they were at home again, disposed of them shortly.

"I heard three different stories of poker games," he said, "and the losses of the boys, most of them freshmen, as I gathered, went from eighteen to sixty-one dollars. I don't set up for a saint, but I didn't come to college to learn poker."

When the Nu Nu Thetas, standing first in the university in scholastic ranking, rushed the trio after discovering that Jimmy held a prized new scholarship, Jim was again the one who cast the deciding opinion.

"Come here to school to study and get all I can," he said, when Les and Billy asked his

verdict. "But I didn't come here to be a dusty, dandruff-covered grind."

"Well, if you don't want the Beta Phi and their society, or the Chi Sigmas and their sport, or the Nu Nus and their scholarship, what in the name of gosh do you want?" demanded Billy Armstrong.

"I've said all along I don't know much about this Greek-letter idea," began Jimmy, slowly.

"All Greek to you, hey?" laughed the husky Les Moore.

"But if I join any fraternity at all, it's going to be one of good, average, ordinary, everyday fellows," said

the importance of fraternity association. "But that's the least important angle," Les Moore avowed.

"What fraternity did your brothers belong to?" asked Billy.

"They were Alphas at Ohio," said Les. "Chapter here."

"How do they stand?" Billy asked.

"Oh, I don't know—all right, I guess," Les replied. "But I'm not going to look 'em up and invite 'em to invite me to join."

"Well, nobody asked you to," said Billy.

It is not to be wondered at that the idea of fraternity life continued to bob up in the minds of the three musketeers. A big university is a lonesome place for youngsters who have few home or family acquaintances in the student body. Even three boys who eat, study and play football together may become lonely for want of other friendly relationships. Jordan, too, is a thoroughly organized school. It is said of Jordan that any boy



He heard a shout behind him. A great black-haired giant pounded along at his heels

Jimmy. "Some students, and some athletes, and some cake-eaters—"

"Not many of them," interrupted Les.

"I'm not going to hook up with any crowd that's gone to seed on one idea, either study, or athletics, or anything else. See?"

Once again the issue was settled temporarily, but it could not be disposed of completely in such an easy manner. Other fraternities, noting the prowess of the three youngsters from Lockerbie in football, and hearing vague stories of Billy's family connections ("His old man's a billionaire, big copper man, New York broker," etc.), sought acquaintance with the three. But for one reason or another the boys refused all invitations.

FOOTBALL and class work kept them occupied, although Billy's thoughts turned frequently to fraternity life. Trained by his mother to appreciate social contact and social standing, Billy could not forget

wishing to join a fraternity, and able to afford the association, may have his opportunity. Three fourths of the students are found in fraternity memberships.

Graduates remember their fraternity life before almost anything else, and the friendships formed in Greek-letter organizations last longer than any other. Our three musketeers, standing together against the whole student body, in a sense, felt an only natural longing for more close friends. The further they went into the school term the more they thought of allying themselves with some group. But also, the further they went the more difficult the problem became.

Les Moore said little about a choice of fraternities. Jimmy ruled out most of the Greeks who approached them, and even Billy Armstrong, who longed most for social contact, turned thumbs down now and then.

"Bunch of duds," was his ungracious comment on most of the Greeks who entertained

them. "All they do is brag about themselves," he said again and again.

"Tell us on their fraternities," commented Les Moore.

"Tell us about all the college presidents, All-America halfbacks, bank heads and United States Senators that belong to their gang," added Jimmy, laughing.

But the problem finally was settled, and on the solution hangs a little story of its own, tied up, however, with a scrimmage between the freshman and the varsity football eleven. One Wednesday afternoon in late October the freshman first team, headed by Jim Byers at quarterback, was called out for a practice game with the varsity, preparing for a big game on the following Saturday.

The freshmen, including Jim, Les and Billy, had been molded into a tight, hard-fighting, team-working eleven, able to give the varsity a stiff battle at almost any time. Several of the boys appeared to be coming stars, with the three musketeers holding their own valiantly. Willingness to work together for the team's success and the canny leadership of Jimmy Byers at quarterback topped off the winning assets of the rhinies. When the line-up was called out for this particular scrimmage, however, it developed that Burton, the regular first freshman center, was missing.

"Here, Jake," called Coach Masterson, "go in there at center."

A BIG husky youngster of about six feet and two hundred pounds responded. He wore a headgear which hid most of his features, the ear protectors almost covering the sides of his face, and the forehead leather nearly hiding his eyes. Jimmy knew the boy only as Jake, but thought vaguely as they lined up for a short signal practice that he had a familiar appearance. Then he turned his attention to signals, running over some plays Masterson had told him to use against the varsity—Minnesota plays, because the varsity's Saturday battle was with the great Gophers of the Northwest.

Coach Phillips had high hopes for his varsity eleven. It had won all its games to date, and he faced the Minnesota game with confidence. Not the least reason for this confidence was the mighty play of big Hilligoss, at left tackle, early enemy of Jim Byers. Hilligoss had subbed for two years at left tackle behind Masterson, present freshman coach, and had now come into his own. Jimmy, however, had a hand in the big fellow's development.

Hilligoss, in the first game with the freshmen, had been too anxious to clinch his job. Nervous, he fumbled a fozzled kick-off on being tackled by Byers. Then, a moment later, he had swept through rhiny opposition, broken down the interference, thrown Jimmy for a loss, kneed him and tried to knock the ball out of his arms. For this attempt to play the whole game, he had been disciplined by Coach Phillips. Thrown off the team after a lecture before the squad, Hilligoss had fought for two weeks to win his job back. Now he again held down left tackle, and had starred in three hard games.

But he carried bad blood against Jimmy Byers. Jim always kept his eyes open and protected himself. Billy Armstrong, playing right end against Hilligoss at left tackle, teamed with Jimmy in their campaign of rhinies. Hilligoss, almost as big as the two rhinies put together, waged a vengeful battle against them, but they held their own. Jimmy, getting ready for another set-to, had Hilligoss in the back of his head, but it did not occur to him at the moment that the new center, subbing for Burton, closely resembled his burly enemy. It may have been because Hilligoss always played bareheaded, his great shock of curly black hair waving in the wind, whereas the new center almost hid under a headgear too large for him.

"All right, Les. Come on, Billy, and Jake."

Let's go, gang," yelled Jimmy, when Coach Phillips ordered the game started.

They lined up, varsity to kick off, freshmen to receive, and Jim took his place under the goal posts. The varsity fullback booted the ball, high up and far down, straight into Jimmy's hands. He took the ball, and swung into stride, sizing up the field as he started. After a few steps he saw that the varsity right wing came down the field faster than the left. A gap appeared between them, so he swung off to the right, toward the advancing varsity left side. Then, at the twenty-five yard line, he veered sharply to his left, and cut in through the gap and between the two sides of the advancing varsity line. Picking up speed, he straightened away again, and headed up the field for the varsity goal, surprised to find himself in the clear.

At the forty-yard line he passed the last stack-up, three players sprawled on the ground. Sidestepping them, he flew on, seeing only the varsity quarterback, playing safety on his own forty-yard line. The quarter warily stood still, waiting for Jimmy to pick his course. Knowing he could not outspurt the varsity man in a race to get around him near the sidelines, Jimmy headed directly for him. He intended to feint to the left, and then dodge around the tackler by cutting sharply to the right.

Then he heard a shout behind him. He turned his head quickly and glanced over his shoulder. A great black-haired giant pounded along at his heels, racing to catch him. Hilligoss!

DETERMINED to get down the field for a touchdown, and as anxious to avoid being caught from behind as to dodge the waiting varsity quarterback, Jimmy put on extra speed. He raced at the quarter, feinted abruptly to the left, and then, without waiting to make sure the quarter dived for him, cut quickly to the right. But his feint was too quick, and he shifted to the right too hastily. The varsity quarter, a deadly tackler, nailed him.

"Couldn't get away from the big stiff behind me," thought Jimmy as he went down, unconsciously tightening his grip on the football to avert a fumble when he hit the ground. "Nice running, kid," muttered the varsity quarter. "Had me worried."

But Jimmy did not hear the words. Instead, a heavier voice boomed in his ear, a voice laden with anger and disappointment.

"Why didn't you wait for me?"

And at the same instant he felt himself jerked off the ground, up out of the quarter's arms, and shaken angrily. The big man coming up from the rear had snatched him and shaken him as a Newfoundland dog might shake a kitten. The big fellow glared at him angrily, brown eyes blazing, and black hair flaunting wild in the wind.

"I—I thought you were Hilligoss," faltered Jimmy. "Wanted to get away."

"Well, I am Hilligoss—your Hilligoss; and I'd have cleared this baby outa your way," panted the big fellow. "Now you've lost us that touchdown."

"For the love of Mike," and Jimmy broke into a sheepish grin. "But say, where'd you come from? Where's your man?"

"I put him down, and came on to help you," said Jake Hilligoss. "He's just getting up, now. Oh, well, c'mon, kid. Better luck next time."

CADET ALAN HALE smiled as he walked briskly from the mess hall toward a perfect day. An odor of castor oil drifted to him from the great field. The roars from the motors of several planes on the dead-line reached his ears. Cadet Hale smiled more broadly.

"Today's the day!" he said half aloud. "Today I fly alone!"

He turned his eyes skyward as a tiny ship rose above the barracks, zoomed straight up and then leveled off gracefully. Cadet Hale nodded his head. The colonel was testing the air in his Nieuport. It was a regular procedure with the colonel: the cadets, striving to qualify for their wings and a commission, were never allowed to fly until the colonel had been up above himself.

Cadet Hale felt his heart beat a little quicker as he entered the barracks.

An event indeed! The culmination of three months of ground school work, tough work, at Princeton University; the result of two more months of ground and air work combined—at Kelly Field. Yes, the solo flight was the biggest thing in the lives of the cadets—and one of the most dangerous. For one must fight the fear of being alone,

SPORTSMANSHIP—\$50.00 IN PRIZES

ANY BOY who has ever played football, or any other organized sport, knows that incidents like those here described so well by Jonathan Brooks are happening every day. Big Hilligoss made a serious mistake when he lost his temper at the three freshmen, Les and Jimmy and Billy. But his subsequent apology to them, and the spirit in which it was offered, showed him to be a good sport.

Jonathan Brooks wrote this story from a true incident. True stories are always the best.

What is the finest act of good sportsmanship you ever saw? For the best letter written by any boy of eighteen or less, we offer a prize of \$25.00. For the second-best letter, we will

pay \$10.00; for the third-best, \$5.00. For the ten additional letters receiving Honorable Mention, we will pay \$1.00 each.

Be as brief as you can, report the facts accurately, and state your age. Be sure that your letter is about a real incident, which you have witnessed yourself. Exaggerating the facts will not help you to win the prize. Mail your letter on or before December 9, 1926. The prize will be awarded by December 15—just in time to give the winners extra money for Christmas presents.

Address: Sportsmanship Contest, The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

"But where you been," demanded Jimmy, "all this time?"

"Subbin' around—but I'm through subbin'. Here's where I win a job," Jake declared.

"Great stuff! I'm with you," said Jimmy.

All through scrimmage he kept an eye on the big fellow and realized that young Jake Hilligoss was indeed winning his job.

"Ran right into that quarter's arms," mocked Les Moore that night. "And you're the guy that knows how to get past a man in the open field."

"Yeah, but he needs a pair of glasses. Eyes are getting bad," Billy Armstrong laughed. "He thought this big kid was our old friend Hilligoss."

Just then they heard a knock at their door, and Les answered it. Les Moore was a husky youngster himself, weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds and being five feet ten inches tall. But when he opened the door and the newcomer appeared, Les looked like a little boy admitting a full-grown man. It was young Jake Hilligoss, looming up so big that he seemed to squeeze through the doorway.

"Hi, fellows," he said. "Thought I'd run in and chin a little football. And I want to apologize to Byers, too."

"What for?" demanded Jimmy. "Come in. Sit down on the bed—or here, take the chair. But why do you want to apologize to me?"

"Well, I jumped you this afternoon for not makin' a touchdown," said Jake, sitting down on the bed so hard that the springs creaked and the bedstead groaned under his bulk. "I've been thinkin' about it. I jumped you because you didn't wait for me, but that wasn't your fault. It was mine."

"How come?" queried Jim.

"Well, just before the kick-off I got mad at that fool headgear, too big for me, and I threw it away," Jake explained. "Guess I look a lot like my brother, with my hair all loose, and that's what fooled you. I'm sorry."

"You should worry," laughed Jimmy, making light of the whole affair, but appreciating Jake's decency in offering the apology. "If a man doesn't know his own center, he ought to lose a touchdown."

"Well, you'll know me better next time, because I'm certainly going to stick on that old team long enough to get acquainted," declared Hilligoss.

THE boys laughed and cheered his determination. They talked football for perhaps half an hour, and then young Hilligoss rose to go. Before he left, he invited them to have dinner with him at his fraternity house the next evening.

"What fraternity?" asked Billy Armstrong, with interest.

"The Alphomegas," said Jake. "We can go over to the house together after practice."

Our three musketeers accepted the invitation, and thanked him for it. When Jake had gone, they talked it over.

"If they're all as white as that baby, I'm for 'em," proclaimed Billy.

"Decent of him to come over here and apologize, Jim," Les said.

"Yes, but I already liked him, for the way he got mad when I didn't wait and let him take out that varsity quarter for me," Jimmy replied. "And maybe you think he's not a whale. He shook me like a little girl shaking her doll."

"Why didn't you tell him your brothers belong to that crowd, Les?" asked Billy.

"Too much like coaxin' 'em to look me over," Les grinned. "But say, Jim, this kid's a whole lot different from his brother, even if they do look alike."

"What makes you think so?"

"The older one's been fighting us like a tomcat," said Les. "And all the time he's in wrong. Think he'd ever try to square himself, and be decent?"

Next evening the three boys went with Jake Hilligoss to the Alphomega house for dinner and met the members of Jake's fraternity. When dinner was announced, young Jake turned them over to his older brother and excused himself, saying he had to wait on the table.

"Earning part of my expenses," he said.

The three musketeers were somewhat embarrassed at first, and expected to see the older Hilligoss in the same predicament. But Hilligoss was not at all abashed. Instead, he very manfully told his story of their fight.

"I got off on the wrong foot with you fellows," he said. "And I'm sorry. It was this way: I'd subbed two years on the varsity. Didn't know any football, because I hadn't played until I came here. Jake did, and he's a comer. No subbin' around for Jake. But anyway, I subbed two years, and that day we played you the first time was my first chance to make good as a regular. Well, I was nervous. And then I got sore, and—oh, well, you know how it is. But I'll say this for you birds, you certainly handed me better than I sent, and I'm for you."

He laughed and shook hands again with all three of the boys. All three, agreeably surprised, told him it was all in the game, and added that he had certainly been handling his job on the varsity. Then Hilligoss led Jimmy into the dining-room, asking others of the Alphomegas to escort Les and Billy.

Jake rejoined them after they had left the

dining-room and he had finished his work as a waiter.

"Sorry to desert you birds," he said, "but my father's practice won't send brother and me both to school at once. Especially for medicine, which is more expensive than some other courses. So I earn my board on the tables. Keeps down up-keep."

"Many here working their way through?" asked Jimmy.

"Sure, half a dozen of 'em," said Jake. "But then we've got some fellows rich as high-test gas, too. All sorts, in this crowd. Good students, bum ones. Cake-eaters, coal-miners."

AFTER they had met and talked with practically all the Alphomegas, sitting about a big lounging-room, Jimmy, Les and Billy thanked their hosts and begged to be excused. They pleaded the necessity for studying.

"Oh, that's all right," laughed Jake. "I was just about to tell you it's almost eight o'clock, anyhow."

"Bedtime?" queried Les Moore, grinning.

"No, we have to go to study table at eight," Jake explained. "All us rhinies have to study from eight to ten. But say, listen, fellows, our gang is gona spike you-all, and when they do I wish you'd come in with us. I think we could play ball together, hey?"

"Maybe we could," said Jimmy. "We'll think about it, and thanks for a nice dinner."

The boys put in some five minutes shaking hands with the thirty-odd Alphomegas, and then took their way homeward. When they had reached their rooms and sat down to loaf a few minutes before taking up their books, they compared notes.

"Well?" said Les Moore. "Those guys are just like the crowd my brothers belonged to, over at Ohio."

"Yeah, but one of 'em drives a straight eight and says he can show me more pull on a hill than I can get out of my six roadster," protested Billy Armstrong. "I'll show him something, see if—"

"Then it looks like Les has found his kind, and Billy's found his, and I'll say these Hilligosses suit me," said Jimmy.

"Hilligeeze," chuckled Les Moore.

"What do you say?" asked Jim.

"O. K.," said Les.

"K. O.," echoed Billy, with a grin.

"Well then, it's unanimous," Jimmy pronounced. "Now then, do you want me to tell you what, besides these big Hilligeeze, makes me fall for the Alphomegas?"

"No, but you're going to tell us anyhow," said Les.

"Sure, I am," grinned Jimmy. "It's this: nearly every one that I talked to wanted to find out something about me, instead of telling me something about them. I figure, if they think it's more important to find out about us than it is to advertise themselves to us, then they must be all right. If they've always worked that way, then nobody's been taken in that is not all right, too. See?"

"—said the blind man," jeered Billy Armstrong, laughing. "By hanging off, all we've done is to get set to join Les's crowd. That's what he's been framing all the time."

"Shake all around," said Les, grasping Jim's and Billy's hands. "And, boys, maybe I won't get a kick out of wiring my brothers I'm double brothers with 'em now."

"All right, I'll take you up first. We'll fly once round the field, and when I rattle the controls you take hold and land her. And then—"

He broke off abruptly, but Cadet Hale knew what he had been about to say. If he handled the plane wisely and made a good landing, he would be "turned loose"—allowed to solo.

THE lieutenant moved toward the J. N. 4, adjusting his helmet and goggles as he walked. Alan followed and climbed into the front cockpit. There had been a time when the cadet seated himself in the rear cockpit, but it had been found wiser to seat the officer in the rear. The question was a grim one. If a cadet "froze" on the controls,—became suddenly panic-stricken and gripped the joy-stick rigidly,—it was possible for the officer to lean forward, over the curved fuselage, and strike the cadet over the head, thus allowing a guidance of the plane. It had been done, more than once. And again, the officers were considered more valuable than the cadets. Planes crashed nose down, and the heavy engine came back upon the man in the front cockpit. In a crash the man in

The Solo Flight

By RAOUL FAUCONNIER WHITFIELD

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

the knowledge that there is no one to depend upon. But Cadet Hale felt no fear. He spoke gayly to several of his companions as he struggled into his leather coat.

"You solo pretty soon, don't you, Alan?" Cadet Bert Lee asked the question.

Alan nodded. "Today, I guess," he replied calmly. "The lieutenant said yesterday that he thought I could take one up alone."

Cadet Lee chuckled, but his face became serious instantly. He gripped Alan by the hand. They were good friends.

"Luck!" he said. "Don't stand her up on her nose—the way Kingsley did."

Alan shook his head and turned toward the nearest door. A clear-toned bugle sounded as he made his way toward the great hangars that fringed the north side of the flying field. But, for a moment, he was thinking of

Kingsley. Something had gone wrong, and on his solo flight that cadet had never got his ship off the ground. It had bumped along until it had attained a speed of almost a mile a minute—and then had suddenly crashed over, splintering wings and fuselage. Kingsley had been lucky; he had got through alive. But the advisory board of field officers had decided that he had pushed the joy-stick forward, instead of pulling it back, and the injured cadet seemed destined to become a ground officer and never attain the coveted wings.

Alan saluted sharply. Lieutenant Gregg, his instructor, stood before him, smiling. He returned the salute.

"Looks nice up above," he said. "Feel all right?"

"Fine, sir."

the rear seat had the better chance to escape death.

Cadet Hale squirmed down into the seat of the front cockpit, tightened the strap across his stomach, pulled the goggles over his eyes.

The engine roared through the great, curved exhausts. The lieutenant tested it for several minutes and then taxied slowly out from the dead-line. Alan glanced above; there were eight or ten planes in the sky, most of them flying in wide circles, merely taking off and landing.

With the engine roaring in full voice Lieutenant Gregg lifted the ship into the air. It rose gracefully; the sun was low, and the air was not very bumpy as yet. With the nose of the plane pointed slightly above the horizon, the lieutenant climbed until the J. N. 4 had reached a height of five thousand feet, when he leveled the ship off and rattled the joy-stick.

Cadet Hale grasped it. His feet moved to the rudder stick. He rattled the joy-stick as a return signal that the plane was under his control.

Another plane was streaking in his direction; Alan banked gently away from it. He felt completely at ease, confident. For five minutes he kept the ship in the air, and then, carefully bringing her round into the wind,

falling plane was loud in his ears. The J. N. 4 skidded, shuddered. Its wheels struck the ground while it was drifting slightly—and then Alan pulled the joy-stick on back, lifting it into the air.

A PLANE shot down in a swift curve before his eyes, missed the earth narrowly and then slowly climbed again. Alan saw it even as he heard the crunching sound that came as a gust of wind careened his own ship down toward the ground again. Once more the wheels touched earth—and this time something snapped, was ripped apart.

Cadet Hale fought for calmness, managed to get the J. N. 4 clear of the ground once more. But it acted strangely, failing to respond to the controls as it had done before. But it flew. Gradually it climbed, though he found it necessary to use the controls continually. Something was wrong; he tried to concentrate, to think back as Lieutenant Gregg had instructed.

It came to him then. He knew what had

The air was becoming rougher; he was finding it increasingly difficult to handle the plane. Any moment now she might go into a spin, and he doubted if she could be got out of it. He must work fast.

"Steady, old boy!" he muttered. "It's up to you!"

A pancake landing meant that he must bring the plane down in a steady dive, hold her close to the ground as she diminished in speed, and then—just as the weight of the engine would pull the nose down—he must jerk the stick back against his stomach, and force the plane to drop in a flat, level position. She must fall like an elevator, with no forward speed. And she must not fall more than ten feet. Otherwise the wreck would be just as complete as if he had made an ordinary landing—and his chances just as bad.

Alan circled the field once more. He was lower this time, with the engine throttled down a bit, and he could see Lieutenant Gregg, distinguish him from the other offi-

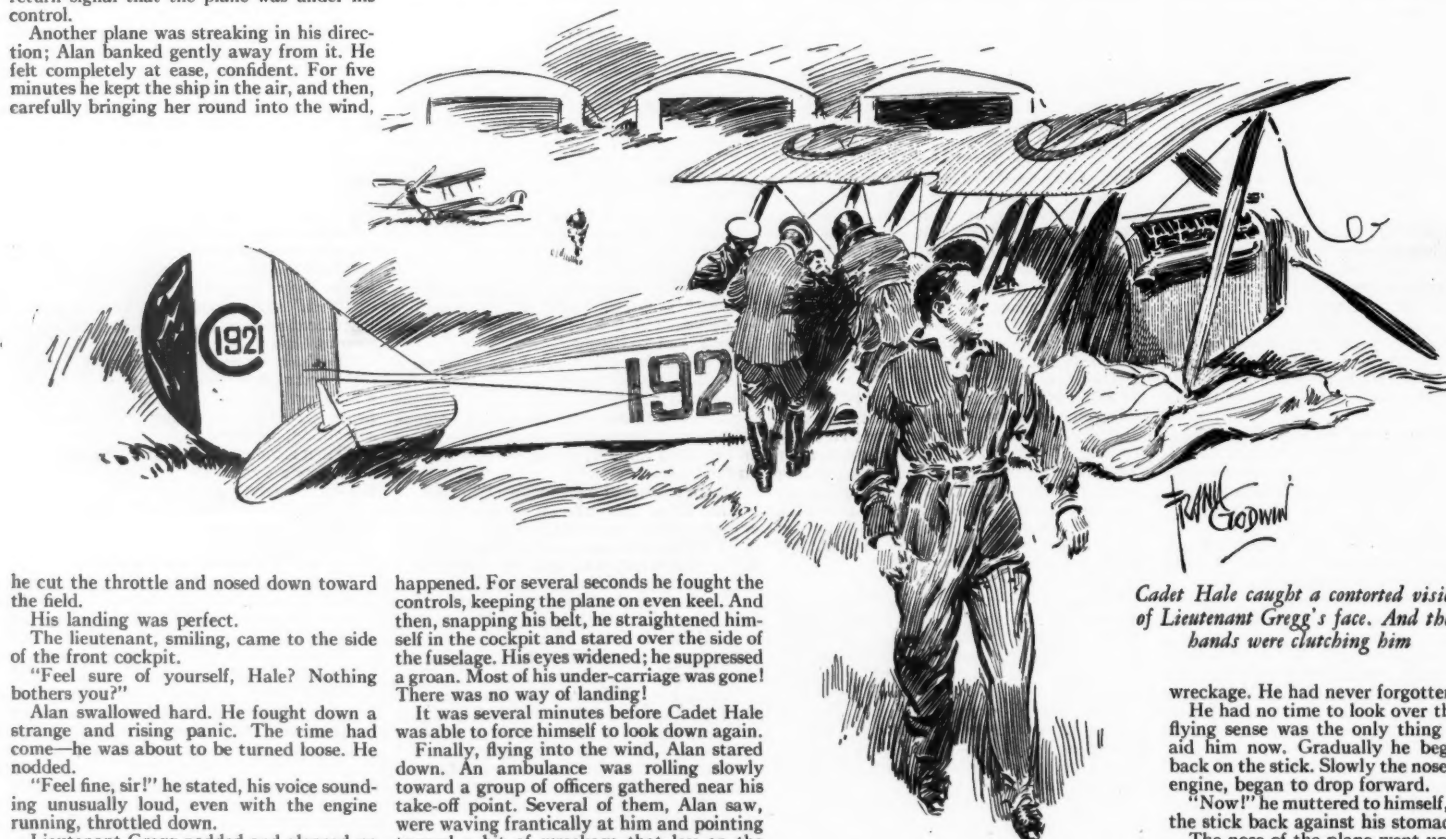
with a sickening sensation, and then went over on a wing.

Alan jerked the stick desperately, kicked the right rudder hard. For seconds the plane wavered—and then resumed its forward dive. A glance at the air-speed indicator showed him that it was doing fifty-five miles an hour.

The slightest misjudgment would prove fatal. And yet, strangely, Alan found that he was calmer than he had been since he had taken the air alone.

Twenty-five feet above the ground the J. N. 4 was doing forty-five miles an hour. Once she dived savagely, and he was forced to pull the stick back against his leather coat in order to keep her from striking the earth. The slightest touch before air speed was lost, and she would be a complete wreck.

Slowly she lost speed, but the ground was close beneath her wings. Cadet Hale had seen a plane strike the ground in a too-fast landing once. The ship had catapulted itself into a series of somersaults—and complete



Cadet Hale caught a contorted vision of Lieutenant Gregg's face. And then hands were clutching him

he cut the throttle and nosed down toward the field.

His landing was perfect.

The lieutenant, smiling, came to the side of the front cockpit.

"Feel sure of yourself, Hale? Nothing bothers you?"

Alan swallowed hard. He fought down a strange and rising panic. The time had come—he was about to be turned loose. He nodded.

"Feel fine, sir!" he stated, his voice sounding unusually loud, even with the engine running, throttled down.

Lieutenant Gregg nodded and glanced up into the sky.

"Very well. Take her up. Keep your eyes open—watch the other ships. If anything goes wrong, just think back—think back to the things you've learned from me. She'll fly a trifle light, with no one in the rear cockpit. Stay in the air five or ten minutes. I'll be right here. When you bring her down land near me. That's all—take her off!"

"Yes, sir." Cadet Hale drew in a deep breath. The lieutenant had turned away, was walking a short distance off from the J. N. 4. Alan peered ahead, to one side of the engine hood. The field was clear. He glanced above. The air, in his path, was clear.

He noted that his left hand was trembling as he placed it upon the throttle. He frowned. It was foolish, this nervousness. He was all right; he could handle the plane. Hadn't he just flown it, landed it? What difference did it make? What if Lieutenant Gregg was not in the ship with him?

Cadet Hale advanced the throttle almost savagely. The plane began to roll along the field, bumping gently. The controls were in neutral. Everything was fine.

And then he heard it. That shrill shrieking that signified, even in his comparative inexperience, only one thing—a plunging plane.

The stunting field was miles away. That shrilling could mean but one thing—a ship falling, out of control. Probably in a tail spin.

For a split second his courage deserted him. His right hand faltered on the joy-stick. A gust of wind drifted the J. N. 4 to one side.

Alan jerked the joy-stick back into a neutral position. The shrilling scream of the

happened. For several seconds he fought the controls, keeping the plane on even keel. And then, snapping his belt, he straightened himself in the cockpit and stared over the side of the fuselage. His eyes widened; he suppressed a groan. Most of his under-carriage was gone! There was no way of landing!

It was several minutes before Cadet Hale was able to force himself to look down again.

Finally, flying into the wind, Alan stared down. An ambulance was rolling slowly toward a group of officers gathered near his take-off point. Several of them, Alan saw, were waving frantically at him and pointing toward a bit of wreckage that lay on the grass a short distance away from the spot where they had gathered. The cadet smiled grimly. That was his under-carriage, he saw, and they were trying to show him that he had lost it. As if he did not know!

The plane lurched over, and only a desperate maneuvering of the controls saved it from going into a spin. He discovered that he was gripping the controls too tightly, and relaxed. The plane roared across the field.

No under-carriage, and yet he must land. He had no parachute, and even if he had had one the chances of getting clear would be few. The ship would land at a speed of fifty miles an hour. He felt a sudden panic as he thought of it. Fifty miles an hour—and no landing gear! The J. N. 4 would be a mass of wreckage in seconds.

A cross-current had done the thing. The shrilling wail of the falling plane had startled him, and as he had stared above the wind had drifted the plane to one side. The under-carriage had been weak, but the fault was his. He should never have let the plane drift. It was an unforgivable law of the field. Excuses would not aid him.

HE banked the plane carefully, handling the controls with a surprising steadiness. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. Unconsciously he had been thinking back, remembering. There was just one chance—one in a thousand. He might manage a pancake landing!

Lieutenant Gregg would probably be able to do it, though even the lieutenant might fail. It required perfect judgment—an absolute cohesion of eye and control manipulation. But it might work, and it was his only hope.

cers. The lieutenant was waving his arms, pointing toward the lost under-carriage.

The ambulance had stopped a short distance away from the bit of wreckage. It was waiting, Alan supposed, for him to land. The colonel was probably on the field, and the colonel was most efficient.

The action of the J. N. 4 was becoming increasingly severe. Perspiration from Cadet Hale's right hand made the joy-stick slippery. There were times when he was forced to use both hands on the stick. He made a sudden decision.

"Get it over with!" he muttered to himself. "Play the game—and bring her down!"

The hangars rose below him. The plane was headed into the wind. He jerked back the throttle. The roar of the engine died to a low throbbing. Wind sang through struts and wires as Alan nosed the injured plane downward. He found it necessary to come down in a steep dive in order to maintain an air speed that would allow him safely to use his controls. Gritting his teeth, he headed the plane directly toward the waiting ambulance.

Officers, grouped together, scattered as the damaged J. N. 4 streaked toward them. A gust of wind tilted her up on a wing, and Alan had to use all his strength to level her off again.

"Now or never!" he muttered to himself as the field rose under the unsteady wings of the ship. "Take it easy, old boy!"

ONE hundred feet above the ground he avoided disaster only by a slim fraction. The plane hit a slight air pocket, dropped

wreckage. He had never forgotten the sight.

He had no time to look over the side. His flying sense was the only thing that could aid him now. Gradually he began to pull back on the stick. Slowly the nose, the heavy engine, began to drop forward.

"Now!" he muttered to himself, and jerked the stick back against his stomach.

The nose of the plane went up. She quivered, trembled. Cadet Hale held the stick back, lowered his head. There was nothing more he could do. He must wait for the crash—he had made his solo flight!

The plane dropped—like an elevator—down, down. It seemed to Alan, crouched in the cockpit, as if she would never strike. He had misjudged, had been too high! There was no chance now, no chance of—

There was a terrific shock. He released his hold on the joy-stick. A sharp hissing came into his ears. His head pained; he tried to get to his feet, but he was too weak. The hissing grew louder, more menacing.

He caught a contorted vision of Lieutenant Gregg's face. And then hands were clutching him. He thought he could hear the colonel's stentorian voice bawling some fragmentary words. The hissing grew fainter; cool water was splashed in his face.

He looked into Lieutenant Gregg's eyes. The lieutenant was smiling. The colonel was smiling, too. His voice came to Alan more clearly now.

"Nice work, Hale!" he was saying. "A splendid pancake! Cadet Phillips came down in a spin, and the officer flying with him just got her out of it in time. Mighty close thing—no wonder you were rattled. You'll be all right in a few days—just a bump on the head. Your ship must have been faulty, too. We must see about—"

His voice trailed off into a mutter about "more careful inspections" as he straightened up. But Cadet Hale did not hear his words. He was smiling into Lieutenant Gregg's eyes. He had managed it, after all—his solo flight.

The Home-Coming of Joe Laferrier

By CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

Illustrated by FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

JOE LAFERRIER came back to the river in the year of the great fight between Largeson and Hogan. When Joe Laferrier came back to the river he could not remember his own name; the friends of his youth had forgotten him; his was an alien face in a land of strangers.

He called himself "Poor Joe." He hired out in Largeson's crew, and drove logs from the headwaters to the gorge, and no one knew him. But a black-haired stripling, whom they called "the Otter," looked a third time and a fourth time at the hunched figure venturing timidly on the rolling pines. There was something in the old fellow that riveted his attention; he watched him drive his calks deep into the wet bark; he noticed a dozen tricks of fence and balance that showed that the old man once had acquired and never had lost the subtle art of the river man.

The Joe Laferrier who came back to the river after twenty years and was called "Poor Joe" by the men, was a very different person from the Joe Laferrier who left the river in the pride of his youth.

On a spring day long before the year of the fight that other Joe Laferrier came down with the drive to the broad meadows above the little town of Logan's Landing. From the river he could see the smoking chimney of the little cabin he called home. He went to the boss, asked for a half-day to spend with his wife, and got it at the price of a day's pay. He turned his back on the river, followed the old footpath through the meadows to the little garden patch in which the earliest peas were blossoming, pushed his way through the hedge of purple lilacs and stood outside his own small cabin. The sun was pleasantly hot on his back. The dry chips were warm and fragrant. The odor of the lilacs was heavy on the air.

Joe Laferrier called, "Mary! Mary!" A clattering pan was overturned within. A woman with startled eyes came to the door. When she saw Joe Laferrier she smiled and held out her hands.

"Mary, Mary," Joe Laferrier repeated, and then he laughed a deep, rippling laugh.

Some one else was standing in the door, some one whose eyes darkened, upon whose brow a fleeting frown appeared only to be driven away by a gurgling chuckle.

Joe Laferrier reached out one hand, seized that some one by the slack of a loose blouse and lifted him, screaming with laughter, into the air. "My leetle one, my beau garcon!" he cried, and the three faces touched.

All that afternoon Joe Laferrier sat in the little kitchen, tossed the boy on his knee and smiled as he watched his wife at her work. Her hair was dark and long; her eyes were dark and deep. When the sun was setting behind the birches Joe Laferrier stood up.

"I mus' go," he said waving his hand at the dim trail. "I follow t'e old road to where t'e river bend so!"

He picked up the solemn-eyed youngster, whose owlish gravity was comical beyond measure. "Leetle one! Wee garcon!" he cried and kissed him.

He looked back at his wife, standing in the cabin door, threw her a kiss clumsily, and turned away. He pushed through the alders and tramped slowly along the old road in the gathering shadows. For twenty years Joe Laferrier was not to see his home again.

As night fell on the wilderness Joe Laferrier, tramping down the squashy road, recalled every small detail of his visit, his pushing through the lilacs and staring at the little cabin, the pungent dryness of the chips, the cloying sweetness of the flowers, the dark-eyed woman, the snub-nosed boy with soft clutching fingers that had gripped so gently his own hard thumbs—it all came to him again with startling clearness. For twenty years the smell of lilacs was to bring to Joe Laferrier an aching, a yearning, a striving after memories, that was to stir his very soul with biting pain.

Joe Laferrier knew a man in Bangor, whom he called friend. The man kept a little dive down by the Kenduskeag Stream. Joe went to visit him when the drive was safe at Pea Cove, and that night he sat in his "friend's" den with three affable companions. Two days later he woke and found himself in the hold of a brig that was rolling heavily in the swell off Searsport and slowly beating its way up into the wind.

He tried to throw himself into the gray, whispering water; and he fought like a demon. Some one hit him on the head with an iron pin, and he lay two hours unconscious; when he woke his mind was gone. He forgot the river, he forgot the cabin, he forgot the wife—he forgot the "wee garcon" with the comically grave little face and the soft, clutching fingers.

AFTER a lapse of seven mysterious years, Joe Laferrier came to a port on the Pacific Coast. He was a poor, unshaven wreck. He stared vacantly ahead of him, trotted aimlessly about with deep seriousness of purpose, and talked uncouthly to himself.

Three years later down on the waterfront of Shanghai, Joe Laferrier began to remember. He ambled along the dirty, crooked little street, still staring straight ahead with that curious unseeing vagueness that had won for him on the dirty little lumber-laden coasting brig in which he had been kidnapped the

For a moment he could almost reach that enigmatic unattainable past; names hovered at the tip of his tongue, forgotten emotions surged up in his breast; then he lost all the vague hints for which he had been reaching; the almost attained unattainable seemed to recede, to vanish like mist in the sunlight. He fell back to the aimless trot, the weak, pathetic stare. Soon he was buried once more in the oblivion of a dog's life at sea, and ten other years passed.

In San Francisco he felt again that sudden yearning for something that he could not understand. His mind stumbled on the word *home*, and for a week he went round telling all the men that he was going home. They laughed and asked him questions.

"I'm going home, I am going home!" he would reply and nothing more.

He drifted to New York. Down by the Battery was a woman carrying an armful of lilacs. Poor Joe was arrested for following her through the street, but memory was touched again by the odor of the flowers. He shipped on a coasting schooner bound for Ban-

and that night he traveled north with a crew of sodden, bleary men, raked off the streets, foreigners and the riff-raff of the cities. They were hired for Largeson's lumber camps. Lumbering had changed radically in twenty years.

Joe Laferrier ignored his traveling companions and kept repeating softly, "I'm going home, I am going home!" until the men howled at him to keep still. He then leaned against the car window and went to sleep.

SO after two decades Joe Laferrier came back to the river. He did not know his own name, but he answered when the men called "Poor Joe," and he kept muttering to himself over and over again, "I'm going home, I am going home!"

The black-haired young woodsman who stared at Poor Joe three and four times and turned away wondering what there was in the old fellow to attract his attention was likewise named Joe Laferrier, although he was called "the Otter" by the men.

As the logs went booming down the river with men on either bank to hurry them along and more men riding the great sticks in midstream, Largeson's crews marveled at the swiftness with which the old man picked up the knack of river-driving.

Poor Joe and the Otter worked together in the middle of the drive. One night they slept side by side under the same blanket with five other men. When two of the men under the blanket wanted to turn over they woke the others and counted three; at the final word each man turned. It is an art to turn over under a blanket, when there are seven of you, without rolling one out into the cold. The Otter lay awake for a little while listening to the moan of the river, the boom of the pounding logs, and the whisper of the wind. He heard far to the north a faint wild yell.

"It's Hogan's crew," he said to himself. "There'll be trouble tomorrow!" The old man behind him stirred uneasily in his sleep and muttered fretfully, "I am going home!"

The Otter snickered, then was sober and ashamed. "Poor devil," he thought, and racked his brain for some clue to the haunting familiarity of the stranger's appearance. But Poor Joe's eyes were dim, his shoulders were hunched over, his muscles were withered, his seamed face was masked by a mat of gray beard. He was not—and yet he was—the same man who had held the Otter in his lap twenty years before.

Just before the Otter fell asleep he heard again the wild howl from the north, and he grinned. There was bitter rivalry between Largeson and Hogan; for ten years they had fought on sight.

By and by Poor Joe woke. He gasped and thrust out his hand. When he felt the rough shirt of the man in front of him he was reassured and lay snuffing the clean wet smell of the spring night and listening to the roar of the river. Great shoals of huge logs were thundering and rushing along on their way to the screaming saws in the big mills below. Every spring for twenty years the logs had thundered so down the river, and before them for years and years and years; the history of the drive outran the memory of living men. Poor Joe was happy; he rolled up in his blanket and slept.

Next day at high noon Hogan's men came down out of the Branch, riding their logs like centaurs and carrying their pickpoles like lances. They gave a great howl of fury when they saw another drive ahead of them.

On the south bank of the river was a woods road that led through the alders to a little hamlet set in a patch of gardens and cleared pasture land. On the nearer edge of that hamlet was the very cottage where Joe Laferrier had left his wife and child twenty years before. But Poor Joe, riding a log in midstream, remembered nothing of that. His mind was battering at the barred gates of memory, striving desperately to gain some hold on fleeting images of the past that tantalized and evaded him.

He heard the harsh roar from the throat of Red Hogan, he heard the answering thunderburst of sound that swelled along the North Branch. He saw his own mates gather for the fray. Upstream they came; downstream they came. They leaped from log to log, they ran heavily along the shore,



Largeson's crews marveled at the swiftness with which the old man picked up the knack of river-driving

they splashed knee-deep in water. They shouted to one another and massed to meet the common foe.

Poor Joe saw all that, and he saw Hogan's men pour down along the riverbank of the Branch. There was no shouting now; the grim dead hush was more ominous than the roar of a tiger on a jungle road. Poor Joe smiled feebly and wondered what it all meant—and then, suddenly, the spirit of the river fights came back to him intangibly, but forcefully.

The log that he was riding had carried him away from his mates; it had floated

dred men gazed in astonishment at the sheer effrontery of that leap and gasped when the other, with legs sprawling before him and arms clutching vainly at the edge of the jammed logs, splashed into the river and went down out of sight. At that same moment Red Hogan's clenched fist shot out and landed on Poor Joe's defenseless jaw.

The old man dropped on the logs, and pandemonium shook the river banks. Red Hogan's own crew rallied but half-heartedly to the cause of their leader. Largeson's followers were infuriated beyond measure. Largeson himself charged at Hogan with the



Straight down the length of a huge pine the Otter ran and hurled himself into the air. Two hundred men gazed in astonishment at the sheer effrontery of that leap. At that same moment Red Hogan's fist shot out and landed on poor Joe's defenseless jaw

down in the open water at the mouth of the North Branch. It swung round and touched the foremost of Red Hogan's logs.

The calm before storm was shattered. With a fearful yell Hogan sprang forward at the victim within his reach; behind him surged his men. They charged like demons on the old man who stood smiling at them feebly.

A score of Largeson's men howled mad advice at the old man. Two score more splashed along the river bank in vain endeavor to get to him and help him.

"Fight, ol' man!" they yelled. "Fight! Sacré! Keel them!"

But still the old man stood and smiled at the lumberjacks, who were hurling themselves down upon him.

"Look!" cried Largeson—and his voice was like a prayer. "The old man is going home!"

THE Otter saw it all from where he stood on the shore. He did not know that the old man was his father—a thousand times he had cursed the sire who had begotten him and deserted his mother; he knew nothing of the wild, enigmatic, unutterably sad years that had intervened in the old man's life since young Joe Laferrier had held the younger Joe Laferrier on his strong arm and kissed him. He knew only that he felt strangely and unaccountably drawn toward the old fellow, that he pitied the simple-minded creature. Of a sudden he decided that at the peril of his own life he would save the nameless old man from the clutches of Red Hogan.

The Otter charged from the bank of the river. He leaped from log to log. The Otter was lithe, strong, young; he was an athlete born and a woodsman bred; he covered ten-foot gaps of open water like a deer leaping a garden hedge; he soared high over a fifteen-foot stretch of whirling brown foam. He saw before him Hogan plunging in red-eyed fury at Poor Joe, who stood smiling feebly. The Otter's eyes were clouded with scarlet. Straight down the length of a huge pine he ran and hurled himself into the air. Two hun-

fire of murder in his eyes, but a dozen men were before him.

Poor Joe was knocked senseless by that brutal blow on the jaw; he was revived by the plunge into cold water. He went off that log jam a nameless old man whose identity had been lost for twenty years; he came struggling up to fight against the cold, far-reaching arms of the brown river, and he knew that he was Joe Laferrier. The agony of twenty years of namelessness had passed.

Poor Joe had become a man. His mind had pierced the hitherto impenetrable barrier. The twenty blank years were forgotten; he lived in a new present. He smote the river with long driving strokes. He reached the nearest log and crawled out on it. Before him he saw a great fight, and he knew that his place was in the thick of the turmoil. He clenched his fists and squared his bent shoulders. He thought that he was the same Joe Laferrier who had lost himself twenty years before.

Some one in the water behind him gasped and called "Help!" The voice was weak.

The wild old man half turned and saw with the corner of his eye a black-haired youth fighting desperately to reach the bank. Water surged over the black head; the white face disappeared, rose again, and again disappeared.

At that very moment Hogan leaped toward Joe Laferrier. A fiery hatred filled the old man's mind and called on him to turn and grind the red-haired leader down on the logs. But an appeal, even stronger, came to Joe Laferrier from the boy who was drowning in the river. Poor Joe—Joe Laferrier—dived from the log and swam toward the struggling youth.

He was old and feeble; his strokes were short and feverish. He went under and bobbed up. He seized the boy by his red shirt and reached for a log, but missed it, and the two went under the water. The old man's age and weakness were telling on him. He choked and gulped in fresh air. Again he struck out for a log, but the rush of the current swept him away from it.

"I'll die," he thought, "I'll die, but I'll go down man-fashion!"

They were caught by an eddy and swept against a ledge. The old man crawled out, pulled the boy after him and lay gasping.

There was truce on the river. A rift of water opened between the crews. "Joe Laferrier!" shouted a man. "Joe Laferrier!" "I am here!" cried a cracked old voice. "I am here!"

The Otter lay white and silent on the bank.

Twenty men turned at the unexpected reply.

"Who's that?" roared Largeson.

"It's me, Joe Laferrier!"

The derelict stood on the bank. His shoulders were thrown back; his eyes were clear; he met Largeson's searching gaze without a quiver. "I am Joe Laferrier!" he repeated. Largeson leaped over spruce and pine. He sprang ashore and approached the old man with slow steps; he looked at the thin matted hair, the withered muscles on what had been once a mighty frame. He reached out his hand and touched the old man's arm as if to assure himself of the reality of the sight that he beheld.

"Poor Joe! You—Joe Laferrier?" Largeson had chummed with the old Joe Laferrier twenty years before. "No! You are not Joe Laferrier! That is Joe Laferrier!" And he pointed to the Otter, who raised his head and stared dumbly at the little tableau.

THE fighting had dwindled into silence. Red Hogan himself was staring in open-mouthed wonder at the strange scene. His men and Largeson's men were jammed shoulder to shoulder in one great circle about that little group. Many of them had known the old Joe Laferrier; all of them knew the young Joe Laferrier.

The old man looked down at the boy; he covered his eyes with his hand and staggered. "Joe Laferrier!" he muttered brokenly. And Largeson leaped forward to catch him, thinking for the moment that he was going to fall.

The old man pushed him back and knelt beside the Otter into whose eyes the light

had returned. "Leetle Joe," he cried, "my beau gargon! My leetle, leetle son!"

The Otter looked at the sad face and saw tragedy written on it. He almost understood.

"My father?" he cried hoarsely. "Father?" and he clutched the old man's withered fist in his own strong young hand. "Father!" "Leetle Joe," said the old outcast, very gently, "leetle Joe! My leetle Joe! I am going home!"

There ended the fight on the river. Hogan's men and Largeson's men watched the two go out of sight up the old road toward the old cabin. They turned then and, talking of miracles, herded their logs downstream together. But Largeson and Red Hogan stood under the pines and gazed after the two.

"He was a good man, Tom," said Hogan softly, and in Hogan's eyes was an expression that never had been seen in them before.

"He was that, Red," and by those four words Largeson buried an old quarrel. "Tomorrow, God willin', he'll be with us again. Today he'll be with her!"

JOE LAFERRIER, the younger, and Joe Laferrier, the elder, stood by the bars of the little pasture land and looked at the little gray cabin by the distant garden. A white-haired woman was hanging clothes in the cabin yard.

"Boy," said the old man faintly. "I'm afraid—I'm afraid—what if she—boy—boy!"

"She's been waitin' twenty years—waitin' and prayin'!"

Joe Laferrier standing by the bar-way in the late afternoon smelled the fragrance of lilacs; as in a vision he saw a woman with long dark hair, a little black-eyed boy with soft, clutching fingers, another cabin and the same cabin in warm May sunlight. He was shaken from head to foot by emotion. He clutched the arm of his son.

"Leetle Joe," he whispered, "I'm goin' home. This is a hard world,—a lonely world, leetle Joe,—and now I'm goin' home!"

The two crossed the pasture side by side.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS

CHAPTER IV

By noon the next day the house was as complete as was necessary and the half-acre was nearly fenced, in a sketchy way. Mr. Gard had worked until late the night before, cutting poles among the willows at the creek, and Janet and Aleck had dragged them up the hill one at a time. The family had been up early, digging post-holes while waiting for Mr. Glasgow to come back from Lawrence with his load. When he came he had another man with him, with a second load, and Roger Stivers and Seth Roberts too came, to help, and for a while it was quite like a bee.

"Like a raising in my section," said the man who had hauled the load. He was from New York State, and his name was Fawkes. He had helped at that end of the Underground Railroad. He talked a great deal about the pro-slavery men while he helped with the lumber. He hated them firmly. They had stolen his cattle and had shot at him twice. His cousin had been shot and killed. The other men, even Mr. Gard, had joked a good deal as they talked and worked. But this man, with fierce angry eyes and fierce quick movements, had no jests to make.

"You're right in a nest of 'em here," he said; "that sneak Barman and those squatters down on the creek and the Johnsons over beyond. That's why they hate to have you get this piece of land. There isn't the mate of Barman anywhere round."

"That and the fact that it's good land," put in Roger Stivers, "with the water and the piece of timber. You don't get all that everywhere. We picked it out on a good day. Those squatters won't stay long. Even Barman may get tired."

But by noon the carpenter work was all done, and the helpers went away. The ones who were left drew a long breath of satisfaction, as if they had won a race. And soon after noon Mr. Glasgow saddled Prince, the faster of the young horses, and was ready to go to the land-office. But just as he turned back a moment to ask Mrs. Glasgow about something that was needed from the village men came riding along as they had done before. They rode very slowly and looked up at the place. Then they quickly trotted off along the lower road.

"Good-by," said Mr. Glasgow, flicking his horse, and galloped away. They all looked after him very earnestly.

IT was a long, long afternoon and evening. Everyone continued to work at something, and everyone thought of Mr. Glasgow and those unfriendly men. Mr. Gard finished the fence, with Janet and Aleck holding rails in place. Then they put together the iron cook-stove and set it up, with its stovepipe sticking up through the hole that had been left in the roof. "I hope it will draw," said Mrs. Glasgow a little anxiously.

"We'll see that it does," said Mr. Gard. "We'll not let a stove get ahead of us."

"Now we'll have something good to eat," Aleck announced hopefully.

"Poor child! You don't know yet what territorial food is," Mrs. Glasgow knew.

Then Mrs. Glasgow and Janet went on putting into the house the things they had brought. It soon began to look so well filled that they had to laugh. But it was very interesting to be planning every minute and saying what they would do with this or that. Mr. Gard looked in at the door and said that he would put up some shelves and nails when there was time. It was much like arranging the playhouses which Janet had had not so long ago. But she thought today that she would never play again; other things were going to be so much more interesting from this time on.

At last Mrs. Glasgow said,—they could hear hens cackling over at Barman's,— "Janet, you and Aleck may go over there and see if you can buy us some eggs."

The children sprang to do it. They had already looked many times toward the brown house over at the end of the hill.

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

They set off gladly through the grass, all excitement at going beyond the bounds of their estate and at looking into a strange house in this new country. The house, as they approached it, proved to be of stripped logs, which gave a reason for its brownness. It stood in the edge of a yard, the fence joining the house on each side, and pigs and chickens divided the privileges of the inclosure.

But, except for the animals, all about the house was very still. The door was open, but no one was in sight. The children waited a moment, and then Janet rapped sharply on the door-frame. No one answered, but she had a feeling that some one was inside, keeping very still. She was a bit afraid for a moment, and Aleck pressed close up to her. But she did want to see who was there. And anyway they could run if they had to. So she spoke up in her clear voice, "Is anybody at home?"

A woman came out of the dimness and stood in sight of the door, as if she had moved only when she heard a girl's voice. She looked both old and young, Janet thought, and she was thin and tired-looking, and afraid. When she saw the children she said "Howdy!" in a faint kind of way, and then she said "Howdy!" again, almost heartily.

"How do you do?" said Janet very politely. "My mother sent us to ask if you have any eggs to sell here. We knew you had hens, for we heard them."

with her fingers. "Take 'em to your ma," she said, "an' don't say nothing about it." Then when they thanked her earnestly she brightened a little and even patted Aleck on the shoulder. But she did not ask them to sit on the rough stools or benches which were the seats, and while she seemed to wish them to stay she clearly wished them to go.

So it seemed best to leave, and they backed from the door with more thanks. "It's a nice day," Aleck said conversationally, to give a social ending to the visit, and the women laughed a little.

"Come again," she said in a half-whisper, glancing to right and left as she stood in the doorway.

"Thank you, we will," replied Aleck cheerfully. "You have some very nice pigs," he said politely as they turned away from the yard.

So they went home with their treasure, and they had eggs and milk for their supper and would have been well pleased with the day if only Mr. Glasgow had been there. The talk stopped every once in a while, and Janet knew that her mother was thinking about her father and wondering about his success and his safety. In those days Janet did not yet know what the full cause for anxiety was. But to make interest she told all about the woman and her bare, dark neat house.

"She seemed scared," she added. "But she liked us," Aleck interposed.



And when Barman rushed at the door again they threw his friend Higgins at him—bit him square on the breast with his arms dangling round Barman's neck

"We don't sell eggs," answered the woman, in a breathless kind of way. She was looking the children over, not in the hard, curious way of the men on horseback, but in an eager, intense way, as if she had been wishing to see something like them. She looked from Janet to Aleck, who returned her look in a most friendly way.

"We just came to ask," Janet spoke apologetically. "They would be good to eat."

The woman came close to them and took the little pail from Aleck's hand. "I'll see," she said, dropping her voice. She stepped over to a rough cupboard in the corner and took half a dozen eggs and put them into the pail. She came back quickly and furtively. "You c'n take 'em," she said almost in a whisper. When Janet opened her hand to show the coins in it she only closed it again

Aleck always had full appreciation of being liked. His mother looked pitiful as she listened.

"It must be dreadful to be married to Mr. Barman," said Janet judiciously. "It's enough just to see him."

AFTER supper Mr. Gard took the children away over the turn of the hill, down to where the willows and young cottonwoods gave way to hazel brush. It was a delight to find that, and they examined many buds to find what the promise of nuts was. There were a few walnut trees too, and red haw, and wild plum white with blossom already, and other things they were glad to find. Wide-faced violets were blue there, and other flowers which they had no name for. Even Mr. Gard, who knew so much, could not guess at their names. The hazel brush ran up

a draw, a kind of dimple on the long curve of the hillside. And beyond that lay the bit of timber which belonged to the place. It was not much, but it really was woods. "You needn't have been buying any posts or poles at all if we'd had time to cut them," said Mr. Gard regretfully.

"I've stepped in mud," exclaimed Aleck in a disgusted tone as he poked his way into the hazel brush.

That did not seem anything to Janet, but Mr. Gard stopped to look carefully and seemed gratified. It was mud, and they followed it back up the draw until they came to water lying in little seepy places.

"Another spring," announced Mr. Gard with great satisfaction. He poked all around to find the center of it. "That's fine. I thought we might find it. We'll come over tomorrow and dig it out, and then you can get water here instead of stirring up your neighbors down by the creek."

More treasures they found and came back with branches of the wild plum blossom and of pink and delicious wild crab wafting a perfume before them. Mr. Gard was whistling out willow whistles for Aleck as he walked. It was all sweet and homely, and even Mrs. Glasgow, sitting on the doorstep and looking off toward Lawrence, seemed to find their load and their report of discoveries a relief after the excitement of the day and all the strain of waiting.

But it was dark now, as dark as the clear sky and the openness and the bright stars would allow it to be. Mr. Gard gave up further entertainment of the children, and there was nothing to do but to sit and wait. They were very quiet at last, with their eyes toward the road by which Mr. Glasgow would come. They would pretend to be thinking about anything else but that.

"I wish father would come," said Janet at last involuntarily.

"I don't see what we should be doing without you, Mr. Gard," said Mrs. Glasgow.

"I don't either," Janet added emphatically.

"But I can't help feeling that you must have something of your own to do that we are interfering with," went on Mrs. Glasgow solicitously.

Mr. Gard said "no," very quietly. After a while he said, "I've always thought that the most interesting thing to do in the world would be to make a home in a new country and put one bit after another to it. Taking it right out of the elements, you might say. I've always hankered to do it. Especially with a girl and a half and a boy around."

Janet knew as well as her mother why he talked like this. "Have you ever been in a new country before?" she asked.

"I've camped in lots of places, sister. I've been in California for one." He seemed to grow talkative. California in those days was almost as wonderful a word as you could think of. To have been all the way across those far miles! Everyone knew stories about it. But he had not mentioned it before. "Mind if I stretch out, ma'am?" One did not plow and build and chop all day without feeling tired. Then, lying on the grass, he told more—of the '49 campings, of coming back around the Horn, of the squatters' war, of following the Santa Fe Trail, of Indians and Pawnee Rock. And every story ended happily, with final escape or profit. Nor was he ever the chief actor. Whenever there was silence he began a new account. Now they were listening to him, not straining their ears for footfalls on the distant trail.

"But you always came back to Ohio," said Mrs. Glasgow.

"I belong to the land, ma'am. Just seeing things ain't enough for me." He lifted his head from the ground. "A horse coming," he said. The others, sitting up, did not hear it for a minute or two. But they all sprang up.

A horseman came dimly into view. Was it Mr. Glasgow? But while still across away he gave a long singing "Holloa!" and they knew that it was he and that he was safe.

"Well!" he called cheerily. "It's a fine thing to be home again!"

Mr. Glasgow told his story for his wife and Mr. Gard, but Janet understood the most of it.

After Roger Stivers and Seth Roberts went back to Lawrence they had got together some more of their friends and gone on to Lecompton to be ready in case they were needed. Stivers and Roberts hung about the land-office and watched for Glasgow, and when two o'clock passed and he did not appear they began to be uneasy. They went into the office and waited, and after a while they saw Barman and a stranger arriving outside. Stivers gave Roberts a nudge, which sent him off with the news, while Stivers himself asked the land-agent some questions about land for a friend of his. The friend wanted to buy it outright, he said. Roberts did not come back at once, but Joel White and Fawkes dropped in and took part in the discussion of land. Everyone grew very much interested as they argued about soil and crops. Seth Roberts came back with another friend; but as the little office was pretty full they hung around close to the door. They kept calling to Stivers to hurry up, and making fun of him for being such a bargainer.

At last two other men rode into the street, coming very fast, and spoke to Barman. They dismounted, and they all came to the office. But Seth and his friend at that moment became more interested in the talk and happened to step inside the door. They all turned their backs to the door and talked or listened very hard. The little shanty was very much crowded. Finally Barman grew very angry and called, "Hey, here's a man out here that wants to enter papers on some land!"

The man in the office, who was acting as deputy for the agent,—his name was Angney,—only said, "All right, in a minute," and kept on showing surveyor's maps.

At last one of Barman's friends shouted, "Here, we want to do real business; we're no Yankees," and swore. Then they tried to push into the office. But Stivers's men without making any movement firmly kept their places, all looking as unconscious as possible. So the other men had to shout over their heads and grew more and more angry.

"Where's the land?" asked Angney finally.

They gave the range and township and section. Stivers and the others turned to look at them and seemed much surprised.

"Who wants it?" said Angney.

"James W. Orcutt."

"Ye-es!" said Gard when Glasgow had got as far as that in the story.

Mrs. Glasgow did not look surprised. But Janet was shocked. She hadn't liked Mr. Orcutt, with his smartness and his familiarity, but how could anyone you knew be so mean as this?

Mr. Glasgow continued his narrative.

Roberts spoke up in an easy, informational way, as if he were merely telling Angney something. "That isn't the name of the man that's living there with his family. I've been round there twice this week."

"It's the man that's entering on the land," shouted Barman. "It's right by mine, and I'd ought to know."

"Let's see him," said Stivers, and they all looked at Orcutt.

He looked very cocky and waved his hand and said, "Glad to make your acquaintance, gentlemen."

Stivers shook his head. "He isn't the man I've seen there. I was out past there today, and there were other people on the place, building and plowing."

Orcutt said nothing until his supporters looked at him sternly, and then he said, "They're friends of mine I brought along. They're getting the place in order for me."

"Yes, they're just living with him," shouted Barman. "Here's his papers." He tried to force his big body in among the others. "They're just friends of Orcutt's," he repeated. "They're pore, and he's helping them."

(Mrs. Glasgow laughed. "Oh!" cried Janet furiously. "And he ate more bacon and coffee than anybody!")

But Stivers and the others drew into a close group against the shelf which ran across the room and made a desk for business. "You can't preempt on land if you have another man living on it too. It's against the law," one of them said seriously.

"That's so," Angney acknowledged reluctantly. He looked from one group to the other and did not know what to do.

Barman's men were furious. They looked at one another consultingly. Then Orcutt said with a confident air, "That man owns three hundred and twenty acres back in Iowa."

"You said he was poor," said Seth Roberts, smiling at him.

"You have to let a fellow have his joke," answered Orcutt. But he changed his air and backed off to the outside of the circle.

The pro-slavery men all glared at him and began to bluster and curse. They made a lunge toward the desk, but the others without much movement managed to shove them back.

Angney was embarrassed. His political sympathies were with Barman and his friends, and he wished to accommodate them. But the others were more in number and were nearer to him; so he did not venture to take sides. All he did was to swell up and say in an official way, "Anybody that wants to preempt before the next sale has to do it today. That land goes on sale three months from today." Then he asked, "Who does want the quarter anyway?"

"Hugh Glasgow is on it and has the building and plowing done," said Stivers. "He will be here this afternoon," he added confidently.

He was sorry he said it, lest they start at once to intercept Glasgow. He feared he had made a mistake. But they had had more forethought than he supposed. "Naw, he won't," snarled one of the men. "We're watchin' for him at the Wakarusa."

"Oh, father!" cried Janet. Even though he was sitting here safe this was terrifying to think of. "How did you escape?"

"Beginner's luck," laughed her father. "I lost my way. I sighted across country and thought I saw a cross-cut. I was in a great hurry. So I got two or three miles off the road and forded the Wakarusa at another place and came in at last from the south instead of the east. I felt stupid enough over losing the road, I tell you. But it stood me in good stead."

Stivers and his friends seemed blocked for

him out again,—I guess somebody's foot helped a little,—and he sprawled over half the road. His chin hit a stone, and he got up all blood and language. They'd got me inside in the meantime, and when Barman rushed at the door again they threw his friend Higgins at him—hit him square on the breast with his arms dangling round Barman's neck; pretty funny. Barman was too mad to care who was reclining on his bosom and threw him back. But he wasn't very well received.

"Then everybody on each side tried to hit somebody—and then we closed what was left of the door. Nobody inside said another word. The other men drew to one side, and I took out my application and said, 'I wish to enter on this land,' and the official was too uneasy to do anything but make out my papers. When we came out again the other fellows had gone."

"So the land is ours," said Mrs. Glasgow. Janet drew a long breath.

"Only so far as that can make it ours. We have to pay for it in three months. The money I paid Sam Mason was all thrown away. And there might yet be a slip between the lip and the territorial office. But Angney seemed impressed with numbers today."

"And Orcutt didn't fight?" asked Gard.

"Orcutt was chiefly an interested bystander; sort of holding the garments of the rest and expecting the spoils."

"Fellows like Orcutt ain't as smart as they think they are."

"Would they have tried to take the land on our house and our plowing?" exclaimed Janet in high indignation.

"Even your precious plowing. Worse things than that have been done out here. People lose their standards."

"Mr. Gard," said Mrs. Glasgow with a sudden thought, "is it legal for us to have you here?"

The men laughed. "Anybody can have a hired man, or a friend. I expect they were throwing their hats at the land-agent. Anyway, I've got a good parcel of land already. Some of it's California sand-hills,

from justice!" And there were other men of importance, men who had come out on purpose to see that Kansas got a constitution that did not allow slavery. "When you see them, Esther, you'll think you're with the right people." And with all the talk he had learned a great deal about the current conditions and the men who were in them. In fact he had learned far more than he could tell, when it was so late at night as this—perhaps more than he wanted to tell until he had thought it over for himself.

It was hard to go to bed on so exciting a night. So they were still sitting, talking it over a little more, when they knew that some one was coming, walking across the grass. As soon as he was near enough he began to speak, and they recognized Orcutt's voice. "I heard you talking, so I kept on coming. I just had to come over and 'politize,' Glasgow, for being in a job like that. It was too mean for anything."

Nobody answered. He stood awkwardly putting his hat back and then pulling it down again. "They told me that the land really belonged to a man that was sick, and I'd just be saving it for his family. I got kind of kerbooled among them."

Still nobody said anything, though he waited a moment. "I missed you like everything since I was here. You do miss nice, decent people when you get with the other kind. I always like children. I've been in a scallawag lot since I come here."

All his jauntness was gone for the minute. Even his language could not manage its usual humorous flippancy and was plain and dull. Neither Glasgow nor Mrs. Glasgow was inclined to say anything. But at last Mr. Gard said, "I reckon you've been in the lot it was natural for you to pick out. You lit out from here as soon as you struck the place."

"I know it. A fellow does make awful mistakes." He was almost whining. "I just wanted to 'politize.'"

"Oh, go on, Orcutt," said Glasgow at last, impatiently but not unkindly. "I'm not going to do you any harm, or set my friends on you either, though you have earned it. Go off and do the best you can for yourself—in as honest a way as you can muster," he added.

But Mr. Gard spoke for himself. "You sat over there at Barman's and watched the work going on here and then tried to jump in and claim it. You're a skunk!"

Orcutt did not answer him. He lingered a minute longer, looking toward the others. "Well—good night," he said rather weakly. "Good night, Annie Laurie," and walked off in the dark.

"You noticed," said Mr. Gard, "that he had his roll on his back. I reckon Barman was so mad at himself and everything and everybody else that he kicked him out when his trick failed."

"It was Barman's plan. Orcutt just let them use him because he had no particular principle to keep him out. It seems there was a man, a Missourian, they wanted to have this land. But he had been sick a long time and never got over to claim it. That was another thing that made them mad when we came in. Poor Orcutt! It would have been better for him if he had pitched in and taken his full part today. He might have had a place to sleep tonight."

When Janet rose in the morning she thought that things would seem quite unexciting. No anxious watching of men who crossed below the hill; no hurrying to get things done by a certain moment. She went a little languidly as she brought up water from the spring.

But her mother called, "Hurry, Janet! We can't have things waiting for us."

"What is the fuss now?" she asked.

"What fuss should there be, my girl," said her father, though not very reprovingly. "When there is a field to plow and corn to plant and a garden to make and a house to finish and an orchard to set out and fences to build and wood to cut and a cave to dig for the milk and butter, and everything to be done at once?"

"What will we do first?" asked Janet.

"In the discussion that was held before fine ladies were up this morning it was decided to give a second plowing to your field which is to be known forever as Janet's half acre and put in the grafts and cuttings we brought along, and see if they will grow. And you and mother will make a garden there too pretty soon. We will strengthen that hasty-pudding fence of ours one of these days."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



"You sat over there at Barman's and watched the work going on here and then tried to jump in and claim it. You're a skunk!"

the moment, though they tried to appear not to believe what the man said. Then Barman caught Angney's eye and asked, "How soon do you close up, Angney?" with a half-wink.

"In half an hour," said Angney. Everyone knew that there were no definite office hours.

Another man took out his watch and made a show of looking at it. "I count you're slow," he said carefully.

"Oh, father, hurry!" cried Janet. "What happened?"

"Well, I'm here," said her father.

"Listen carefully, Janet," her mother advised her. "You have to learn about this country."

"Oh, I'm listening," said Janet.

"You may think I was astonished at the party waiting to receive me. Stivers shouted to me to come inside. But Barman and his men were between me and the door. Orcutt drew off to one side. I crowded up as fast as I could, but Barman got his hands at my throat,—good big hands they felt like,—and his two friends had my arms. But Roberts and this Joel White suddenly jerked Barman back through the door, and then when they got a good swing on him they hoisted

but they call it land. You don't get shet of me yet, ma'am."

"Sorry you couldn't have had any of the fun this afternoon," said Glasgow apologetically, "staying by the stuff this way."

"Hugh, I believe you enjoyed this fight!" Mrs. Glasgow suddenly accused him, half in amusement.

"Well, it was different from Ohio. And we beat. You should have seen how much fun Stivers was having. It's the other fellows that are wondering if it isn't wrong to fight."

Then he went on to tell that after this was all over and he had his papers signed he came back with the other men to a late supper in Lawrence. They ate in a boarding-house, a queer long house of one room with a shed-roof, one edge of it resting on the ground. There was a long table, with men on both sides of it. After that they led him away to meet Doctor Robinson, who, more than any other one man, directed the plans of the anti-slavery settlers. "Strong and serious," said Glasgow. "He won't lead them into anything rash." And he had seen the high-spirited Sam Wood, always taking a risk for the cause and always being sought by Sheriff Jones. "He said he would stop to see us some day when he was escaping

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III

ON the first day of March, 1830, the family of Thomas Lincoln loaded all their household goods into a wagon drawn by four oxen and started for Illinois. The company included Thomas and Sarah Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln, John D. Johnston, Dennis Hanks and his wife Elizabeth, Squire Hall and his wife Matilda, these two girls being the daughters of Mrs. Lincoln by her first husband, and enough of Mrs. Lincoln's grandchildren to make the entire party thirteen. A considerable part of the way Abraham Lincoln drove, walking beside the oxen, but he was relieved in this labor by Dennis Hanks and John D. Johnston, who took turns with him.

Why were they leaving Indiana? That state was growing to be more attractive as a place of residence, and there were friends and neighbors at hand. There were more churches and schools and better stores. The severe hardships of the first years were mostly over. It would seem that the Lincolns were leaving just when it was getting to be worth while to stay.

They left partly because the terrible milk sickness returned in the autumn of 1829. None of their immediate families died, but their cattle were sick, and they had bitter memories of the last time that type of illness occurred in their neighborhood. But another reason was that they belonged to a migratory stock. The urge of the pioneer was in their blood. Of all Abraham Lincoln's ancestors from the time of their first coming to America, not one had died in the house in which he was born. The family had followed the great sweep of population southwestward on the eastern side of the Alleghenies, then westward across the mountains, and northwestward through Kentucky and Indiana and into Illinois. They did what thousands of other families were doing just then.

The ground was frozen but was beginning to thaw, and there were rough roads alternating with mud. There were no bridges, and the wagon had to ford the streams. The water of these streams would freeze over at night, and the oxen had to break the ice on each side as they went into the water and came out on the farther shore. The middle of the stream usually flowed clear and always cold.

One little incident was remembered afterwards by Abraham in connection with this partial freezing of the streams. The family had a little dog that followed the wagon. One morning after the oxen had broken their way through and the wagon had crossed the family heard a whining behind them and saw the little dog on the farther shore. He was afraid of the ice and cold water. The ford was a difficult one, and it was decided not to be worth while to drive the heavy wagon with its four oxen through the stream and back again, so the wagon drove on. But Abraham could not forget the little dog whining and grieving on the other shore. Icy cold as the water was he stripped off his shoes and waded back. He rescued the little dog and carried him across in his arms.

This is almost the only incident that has been preserved of a really memorable journey except that in one town where they spent a night Abraham saw a juggler and was much interested in his feats of sleight of hand, and in another town he saw for the first time in his life a printing press.

Lincoln's First Speech

John Hanks, who was a first cousin of Lincoln's mother, son of her oldest brother William, had moved up from Kentucky and settled for a time in Indiana and then moved on to Illinois. Dennis Hanks had visited him there in the fall of 1829 and come back with attractive stories of that wonderful new state. His narrative had much to do with the family's decision to move to Illinois. The destination towards which they journeyed was Decatur, near which town John Hanks had made his home.

About the middle of March, 1830, they reached Decatur and camped one night in what is now the public square of that town. When Abraham was a lawyer years afterwards, in one of his visits to Decatur, he told a friend that he could identify the very spot where the wagon had stood.

Next day they drove to the home of John Hanks. He had prepared for their coming by cutting logs for a house. With his help and that of Thomas, Abraham, and the others, the logs were speedily erected into a cabin. All five then went to work with great industry. They broke ten acres of prairie sod and planted a crop of sowed corn. They cut down trees and split rails and fenced in this field.

The Great Good Man

By WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

Author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln"



The creek at New Salem, Ill., near the Sangamon River, where Lincoln started on his flatboat trip to New Orleans

All this they accomplished while yet it was spring, and by summer they were settled and at home.

Abraham Lincoln was now twenty-one years and four months of age. He was no longer needed at home; both his step-sisters were married, and their husbands lived in the family. He now went forth to win his own way in the world, and from that time he won it. He had done a son's full duty up to that hour, nor did he later fail. He still bore in mind the needs of his father and his step-mother, and from time to time found ways of assisting them.

That summer he worked for day wages in the harvest field, and in the autumn he split rails and performed other labor as he had opportunity. It was remembered afterwards that during that summer he made his first public speech. A man by the name of Posey came to Decatur and made a political address. John Hanks boasted that Abraham could make a better one. The crowd was very willing to let him try, so he mounted a stump and delivered an oration about the navigation of the Sangamon River. This river on which his father built his cabin was to exercise an important influence on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Everyone who heard him talk was interested in the river's navigation, and people said that Abe had made a good speech.

The winter of 1830-31 was remembered for many years as "the winter of the deep snow." Snow seemed to come down not in flakes but in bucketfuls. It fell to such a depth that wild game perished, and the prairies were never so well supplied afterwards with deer and prairie chickens. In that winter Abraham's canoe upset as he was crossing the Sangamon River to split rails for Major Warnick, and he lived for three weeks in the Warnick home waiting for his feet to heal, and was somewhat comforted by some books he found there and perhaps also by the presence of Polly Warnick.

In the spring there came to Decatur a man named Denton Offutt, one of those geniuses who make either a spectacular success or a large failure in life. He talked very convincingly of the profit that was to be made in buying salt pork and shelled corn in Illinois and floating it down the Sangamon, the Illinois and the Mississippi to New Orleans.

The Trip South

Offutt was told that there were some men near by who had actually made that journey, and he asked to meet John Hanks, John D. Johnston and Abraham Lincoln. He offered to hire them at the large sum of fifty cents a day and a bonus of sixty dollars each if they would convey a boat which he was to build down the river to New Orleans. He

told them that he would procure a boat and have it ready in the Sangamon River near the little town of Springfield, early in March. They eagerly accepted his proposition. John D. Johnston made his way across country from Decatur to Springfield, but Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks thought it better to go down the river in a canoe, for the country was flooded by the melting snow. They arrived at Springfield and found Offutt but no flatboat. He was enjoying what he found to eat and drink at the Buckhorn Tavern and was neither drinking nor thinking very much about water. He proposed to the men, however, that they should build the boat and he would pay them for their time in doing it. So they cut down trees and built a flatboat, into which they loaded barrels of salt pork and live hogs and sacks of corn, and so started down the Sangamon River. It was later than they had expected to start, and the river was lower than it had been; and that is an important fact in this story. John Hanks left the party when they got to St. Louis, but Lincoln and Offutt and John D. Johnston went on to New Orleans; about the middle of the summer they came back. It was Lincoln's second trip to the green city of the South.

One Way to Make Friends

While he was in New Orleans he saw for the first time men and women sold as slaves. He had grown up in a slave state, but he had not seen much of slavery, yet he had always believed it to be wrong. When he saw the auction with men and women sold like cattle, his soul protested, and he is said to have declared that some day he would find a chance to hit that institution, and if he did he would "hit it hard." The time came when he had that chance, and he hit it hard.

One important incident of that downward voyage must now be recalled. On the nineteenth of April, 1831, only a day or two after the flatboat had been launched, that craft stuck on a mill dam. Its cargo had to be partly removed and other adjustments had to be made in order to get the flatboat over the dam. There was water in the hold of the flatboat, and an augur was borrowed from the sawmill to let the water out of the boat where it projected over the dam. The man who used the augur and so helped the boat to float free was Abraham Lincoln. A man who saw him on that day said that he stood in the water with his trousers "rolled up about five feet." Lincoln was a tall young man but not so tall as that.

The mill on whose dam the flatboat stuck was the Rutledge and Cameron mill at New Salem. By reason of the difficulty they had in getting the boat over the dam, the men on the boat became acquainted with the people on shore. They liked the people and

liked the place. Lincoln thought he had never known such friendly people or seen so attractive a town.

The situation of New Salem was indeed beautiful. It was on a bluff about one hundred feet above the river. The stream made a bend at that point, and the smaller stream flowed in on one side. The bluff was thus almost a peninsula. It was beautiful, for situation, and those who founded it thought it was destined to be one of the great cities of the prairie, but everything depended upon navigating the Sangamon.

Lincoln and Offutt talked a great deal about New Salem as they floated down the river, and as they were coming back to St. Louis on the steamboat. Offutt thought it was the most favorable place for him to establish a store. He was a man who talked of large things. He would rent the mill and build a store and sell dry goods and groceries and nails and shoes, and buy pork and grain and ship them down the river. He would need a clerk, and he wanted Lincoln to be his clerk. Lincoln was more than willing, so they went back to New Salem, where Offutt brought a load of goods, and they erected a little store in which Lincoln became clerk.

New Salem might seem to us an unattractive pioneer town, but that was not the way it looked to Lincoln. No one of its twenty or thirty houses cost more probably than fifty or one hundred dollars, but very interesting and friendly people lived there. It was the largest town he had ever lived in, and he quickly made friends.

A crowd of rather rough young men gathered in the store at New Salem. They lived around Clary's Grove, and their leader was Jack Armstrong. He was a champion fighter and wrestler in the neighborhood. Offutt boasted that Lincoln could throw him. The large sum of five dollars was offered, and William Clary matched his bet. Before very long Lincoln had put Armstrong on his back. Armstrong then attempted to win by a foul, but Lincoln picked him up and threw him heavily on the ground. It then looked as though he would have to fight the whole crowd of Clary Grove boys, but they admired his strength, courage, fairness and good nature. They became his friends and followers, and most enthusiastic of them all was Jack Armstrong.

Lincoln soon had another opportunity of proving his popularity. A river steamer named the Talisman was coming up the river from Beardstown to Springfield. It was determined to prove that Springfield was no longer an inland town. Lincoln, as the man who knew the most about navigation, was chosen pilot, and successfully steered the boat upstream. It was a difficult undertaking, and when the water fell it was impossible to repeat the process. The venture seemed to succeed, but in fact it destroyed the last hope of proving the Sangamon a navigable river.

His Political Beginnings

Again Lincoln had the opportunity of proving himself a leader of men. An Indian war broke out. Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs, rose up against the whites and determined to drive them out of northern Illinois. He loved the beautiful Rock River country, and there he wished to stay. He made a desperate effort to retain his land but was doomed to failure. As soon as bloodshed began, Governor Reynolds called for volunteers to put down the Indian uprising. Lincoln immediately volunteered, and in a popular election was chosen captain of his company. Jack Armstrong was his top sergeant.

It was a short and not very glorious war. Black Hawk suffered inevitable defeat, was captured and given a free trip to Washington in order that he might see how many white people there were and how hopeless it would be to attempt to kill them all. He moved beyond the Mississippi and after a time there died, and his death was soon followed by that of his wife, Singing Bird. Lincoln finished his brief military experience and again went back to New Salem.

But now he was out of employment. Denton Offutt's vast financial scheme had fallen to pieces. Bills were presented, and he could not pay them. He failed and left New Salem, and Lincoln had to look for other work.

One of the first things he tried to do was to secure an election as a member of the Illinois Legislature. He announced himself a candidate for this office on March 9, before he left to fight the Indians. He came back in time to make a few campaign speeches not

(Continued on page 886)



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(Continued from page 885)
very far from home. He was not elected, but he polled a surprisingly large vote. Nearly everyone in New Salem and Clary's Grove voted for him.

He worked on farms occasionally and by the day, but did not greatly enjoy this kind of labor. He liked to be with people. The isolation of the farm work did not appeal to him.

A school-teacher lived in New Salem. His name was Mentor Graham. He told Lincoln that he ought to learn grammar. The textbook which he recommended and Lincoln procured was Kirkham's Grammar. It was far from being an easy book to learn, but Lincoln studied and mastered it. Abraham also studied surveying. Mr. Graham helped him to start, and the county surveyor, whose

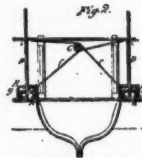
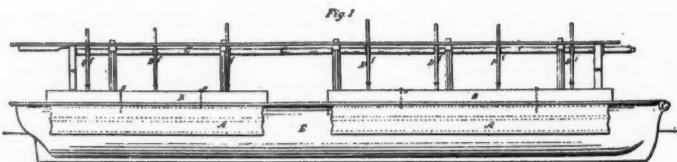
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

BUOYING VESSELS OVER SHOALS.

Specification forming part of Letters Patent No. 6,409, dated May 23, 1849; application filed March 10, 1849.

Abraham Lincoln
Camel a Floating Dock.
No. 4,409 *Patented May 23, 1849*



To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that I, Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, in the County of Sangamon, in the State of Illinois, have invented a new and improved manner of combining adjustable buoyant air chambers with a steamboat or other vessel for the purpose of enabling their draught of water to be readily lessened to enable them to pass over bars, or through shallow water, without discharging their cargoes; and I do hereby declare the following to be a full, clear, and exact description thereof . . .

The buoyant chambers A, A, which I employ, are constructed in such a manner that they can be expanded so as to hold a large volume of air when required for use, and can be contracted into a very small space and safely secured as soon as their services can be dispensed with.

Fig. 1, is a side elevation of a vessel with the buoyant chambers combined therewith, expanded.

Fig. 2, is a transverse section of the same with the buoyant chambers contracted.

Fig. 3, is a longitudinal vertical section through the center of one of the buoyant chambers and the box B, for receiving it when contracted, which is secured to the lower guard of the vessel.

The top g, and bottom h, of each buoyant chamber, is composed of plank or metal, of suitable strength and stiffness, and the flexible sides and ends of the chambers, are composed of india-rubber cloth, or other suitable water-proof fabric.

The buoyant chambers are suspended and operated as follows: A suitable number of vertical shafts or spars D, D, are combined with each of the chambers, as represented in Figs. 2 and 3, to wit: The shafts work freely in apertures formed in the upper sides of the chambers, and their lower ends are permanently secured to the under sides of the chambers: The vertical shafts or spars (D, D,) pass up through the top of the boxes B, B. . .

The vertical shafts (D, D,) are connected to the main shaft C, which passes longitudinally through the center of the vessel—just below its upper

deck—by endless ropes f, f, as represented in Fig. 2: The said ropes, f, f, being wound several times around the main shaft C, then passing outwards over sheaves or rollers attached to the upper deck or guards of the vessel, from which they descend along the inner sides of the vertical shafts or spars D, D, to sheaves or rollers connected to the boxes B, B, and thence rise to the main shaft (C,) again.

The ropes f, f, are connected to the vertical shafts at i, i, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. It will therefore be perceived, that by turning the main shaft C, in one direction or another, the buoyant chambers will either be expanded into the position shown in Fig. 1, or contracted into the position shown in Fig. 2.

In Fig. 3, e, e, are check ropes, made fast to the tops of the boxes B, B, and to the upper sides of the buoyant chambers; which ropes catch and retain the upper sides of the chambers when their lower sides are forced down. By varying the length of the check ropes, the depth of immersion of the buoyant chambers can be governed.

The buoyant chambers may be operated by power applied to the main shaft C.

What I claim as my invention and desire to secure by letters patent, is the combination of expandible buoyant chambers placed at the sides of a vessel, with the main shaft or shafts C, by means of the sliding spars or shafts D, which pass down through the buoyant chambers and are made fast to their bottoms, and the series of ropes and pulleys, or their equivalents, in such a manner that by turning the main shaft or shafts in one direction, the buoyant chambers will be forced downwards into the water and at the same time expanded and filled with air for buoying up the vessel by the displacement of water; and by turning the shaft in an opposite direction, the buoyant chambers will be contracted into a small space and secured against injury.

A. LINCOLN

Witness:
Z. C. Robbins,
H. H. Sylvester.

Y. C. Lab Members, especially, and all other lovers of progress and invention will be interested in this proof of Lincoln's inventive genius.

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name was John Calhoun, gave him further help. Abraham became a very good surveyor, and when he had work this brought him three dollars a day, which was very good wages.

Another office came to him. There was some dissatisfaction with the postmaster, and some of the people thought Abraham Lincoln would do better. The idea pleased him. It would give him a chance to read all the newspapers that came to the office which were not immediately taken out. These were not many, but they were more than he ever had had access to before. He was appointed postmaster, and he kept that position until New Salem disappeared from the map and the post-office was discontinued.

At this time he formed an unfortunate partnership with a man named Berry, and they owned a store together. Berry unfortunately was a drinking man, and Lincoln was not very successful as a merchant. The store failed and it left Lincoln heavily in debt.

Another election came around in 1834, and again Lincoln was a candidate for the Legislature. This time he was elected. The Legislature then met in Vandalia, but while Lincoln was a member it was decided to move the capital to Springfield, which was more central. Lincoln himself had a large share in accomplishing this removal. He and eight other representatives from Sangamon County formed and carried through the plan. They were all tall men and were called "the long nine."

Lincoln was reelected three times and served four successive terms of two years each as representative in the Legislature.

While Abraham Lincoln was living in New Salem he came to know more young women than he had ever known before. For a time he boarded in the family of the Rev. John Cameron, who had eleven daughters, but he escaped heart-whole. He learned to love a beautiful girl whose name was Ann Rutledge, but she died of malarial fever, August 25, 1835, after a sickness of about six weeks. Her death was a profound sorrow to Lincoln.

Lincoln Leaves New Salem

Before he left New Salem he became much interested in a young woman, Miss Mary Owens. She was a lady of good education and fine personality, but she and Lincoln at length parted by mutual consent, though for some time afterward he wished at times that he had married her.

While he was at New Salem he sometimes thought of entering college. Illinois College was at Jacksonville, not very far away, and he, as a member of the Legislature, had voted for its charter. At one time he owned a book of Greek exercises which he seemed to have used with some thought of going to college. There is reason to believe that if Ann Rutledge had lived she would have gone to school at the seminary in Jacksonville and Lincoln to the college at the same place. A letter to her from her brother, David Rutledge, who was a student at Illinois College, seems to indicate this intention, but her death prevented her going and may have had its influence in changing Lincoln's plans. He did not, however, cease to study. He borrowed law books and began to study law, and in the spring of 1837 was admitted to the bar.

Meantime New Salem was disappearing. Its location on a peninsula made it difficult of approach by land, and the disappearance of the hope that the Sangamon would prove a navigable stream affected it disastrously. A new town three miles away came into being, and most of the inhabitants of New Salem moved over and became residents of Petersburg. Lincoln did not move in that direction. The time had come for him to leave New Salem, but he went in March, 1837, to the new capital of the state, the promising young city of Springfield.

Lincoln became a resident of New Salem in the spring of 1832, and lived there five years. It was nearly the whole life of the town. Those years did much for him. They established his leadership in feats of strength, in military life, in political life and in such tests as he had opportunity to make of his intellect. He had been tried in many ways and had proved strong, worthy and capable. His dealings had won him the popular name of "honest Abe." He had made warm friendships and many of them. He had not accumulated money, but he had earned rich and permanent friendships. He had increased in knowledge and in his power of leadership.

He left New Salem riding on a borrowed horse and with all his worldly goods in a pair of saddle bags, but he carried with him a great hope of what he was to become and to contribute to the life of the nation.

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FACT AND COMMENT

YOUNG men look for happiness in the unforeseen and unusual. Old men find it in the customary and the habitual.

BEING HUMAN, children learn what isn't so just as thoroughly as what is so, and believe it just as firmly.—Robert L. Duffus.

THE DAY may be at hand when Holland, the land of windmills, will have to start a movement to preserve the last of those picturesque features of the Dutch landscape as interesting antiquities. The inconspicuous pump run by cheap electric power is rapidly putting the windmills out of business.

SOME ONE HAS SAID that Bobby Jones, Helen Wills and Gertrude Ederle are among the most effective ambassadors the United States has ever sent across the water. No one can help thinking favorably of a nation that produces such modest, likeable, and wholesome boys and girls.

A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL named Margaret Clarke this year celebrated her seventh birthday on the seventh day of the seventh month, and she is the seventh daughter of a seventh child. If there is anything in lucky numbers—and seven is proverbially lucky—this young lady must be marked for an extraordinary career.

SHALL WE SLEEP NO MORE?

SANCHO PANZA, the greedy and slothful but very human and humorous squire of Don Quixote, was wont to call down Heaven's blessing on the man that first invented sleep. Is the time to come when we shall be invoking blessings—or curses—on the man who invented a way of doing without sleep?

The chemists and physicists, who are never weary of upsetting all our ideas about matter, and all our ways of living, are now threatening, or promising, to unlock incalculable stores of energy from the atom to do all our work for us, and to find some kind of chemical reaction that can be set up in our bodies to dispel the toxic products of fatigue which are now disposed of during the period of sleep. At recent meetings of various scientific societies, these two revolutionary discoveries were predicted with confidence.

Imagination faints at the attempt to picture the kind of world that such achievements would create. With atomic energy released to do all the work of the world in a fraction of the time and with a fraction of the effort now required, with food produced for us synthetically, without the necessity of long hours of labor, and with the eight or nine hours we now spend in sleep at our disposal for the purposes of active living, what sort of life should we lead? Instead of a few hours of leisure wrung with difficulty from a day of toil, we shall apparently have fifteen, perhaps twenty, hours out of the twenty-four in which to enjoy or improve ourselves. What use shall we make of them?

Our forefathers, who were less optimistic than we about the disposition of the natural man, had an answer ready for such a question, "Satan has some mischief still, for idle hands to do." The scientific prophets, who know a good deal more about atoms and cells than they do about that curious complex, the human soul, rub their hands at the prospect of doing away for ever with those

WHENCE COME OUR LEADERS?

HOW often in the history of our country we see the right man appearing, sometimes from comparative obscurity, to deal with the problems or to direct the thinking of the nation! So Washington was provided, when a great, calm, patient, persistent leader was needed to help us win our independence. So Hamilton, hardly more than a boy, emerged when we required a man to establish the finances and organize the administration of our infant government. So Jefferson appeared to insure the democratic instead of the aristocratic basis of our national life. So Marshall arose to interpret the constitution so that it should become the charter of a great nation and not the mere articles of a confederation. So Lincoln came from a country lawyer's office to guide the country through the most perilous crisis of its existence. So Roosevelt and Wilson were found to avert the danger of an unrestrained power of wealth over our government and to restore our faith in the democratic ideal.

And so, it seems to us, President Coolidge, whose boyhood surroundings are pictured on our cover today, meets with singular exactness the present need of the United States. In a period of great wealth and luxury and material prosperity, where the temptation to extravagance and ostentation is always before us, he exhibits the virtue of simple, sober living and preaches both by word and by example the value of thrift, of economy, of strict honesty, of attachment to the essential instead of the ornamental

primal necessities, work and sleep. Do they ever stop to ask what man will do without them? Some choice spirits can safely be trusted with all the leisure in the world; they would use it gladly for their physical and mental and spiritual improvement. But how about the majority, who are still earthly in their tastes?

For one thing, what would become of the home, which, in spite of all its imperfections, is the tie that holds mankind together, and gives us whatever we have as a source of peace and unselfish affection? When there is no longer any excuse for the family to meet about the table, since synthetic food can be found and eaten anywhere, and when no one has to come back to the home for rest and sleep, what will it all amount to? The chemists promise to do more to break up the oldest of human institutions than all the Communist dreamers in the world.

Perhaps the scientific men themselves are dreaming. Perhaps they will never be able to do the things they talk of doing. But if they do succeed, the danger is that they will put into the hands of man gifts he is not wise enough to use. Just as they have put terrible new forces into his grasp, when it is by no means certain that he comprehends the folly of employing them for self destruction in war, so they may give him opportunities of leisure that he will not know how to put to good purposes. Just at present mankind needs moral education more than it does any greater command of matter.

A REVOLT AGAINST THE COLLAR

WOMAN, the biologists and the social philosophers tell us, is the conservative sex; less liable to physical variation than man, and more attached than he to tradition, usage and the established institutions. That may be so elsewhere than in the domain of dress. There woman appears to be the true innovator. The only thing we can be sure she will not wear next year is the kind of thing she wore two or three years ago. She passes from crinoline to bustle, from gigot sleeves to virtual sleevelessness, from floppy hats covered with all sorts of flowers to little skimpy felt things without an ornament on them, with gay and happy unconcern, while man still wears his accepted uniform, much as his fathers wore it. He is bashful out of it and jeers with the timidity of the savage at the daring souls who put on "plus-fours" and offend his sight with kaleidoscopic golf stockings.

things of life. His strength with the people, at which the professional politicians marvel, is not owing to the popularity of his views on the tariff or on our foreign relations; it is not the effect of any brilliant or fascinating personality; it is not the result of any striking competence as a party leader or any persuasive oratorical skill. Men of all parties respect his unpretentious integrity of character and admire his sturdy resistance to the enervating influences that worldly success and rapidly increasing wealth exert on so many of us. We are proud of Calvin Coolidge as one of the men who in their boyhood were members of The Youth's Companion family. We hope we are right in thinking that this paper had its share among the influences that made him the man he is today.

Some people explain the appearance of fit and useful public servants at the moments of crisis as the mere response of Necessity to the call of events. Others see in it the overruling hand of Providence, which has great purposes to be worked out by its servants here in America. Unfortunately for the first theory, there are countless instances in history where Necessity did not produce the right man at the right time, with deplorable results to mankind. We stand with those who take a more spiritual view of the course of our national life. We believe that God means to use this people for high ends, and will not suffer it to lack the men who can guide it along its destined path.

Accordingly we anticipate nothing but failure for the spirited revolt that is reported to have broken out in Paris against the bondage of the collar. "Anti-carcanism" the Frenchmen call their movement, "carcan" being the word for the heavy wooden collar that draught horses wear all over France. The founders of the Anti-Carcane League repeat all the arguments that have been made elsewhere against the modern starched collar; they stigmatize it as a stiff, ugly, uncomfortable garment; it offends the Gallic sense of beauty; it is injurious to health, since it constricts and compresses the delicate organs of the throat, by which we breathe, speak and swallow; and it has become the symbol of a caste—the white-collar workers, who fortify their supercilious disdain of the laborer and the mechanic with this gleaming construction of linen—or celluloid. Frenchmen, the League asserts, spend three billion francs every year in buying and laundering these senseless symbols of servitude to tradition. Probably Americans spend \$300,000,000 in the same way.

There is something in what the Anti-Carcaneists say, but if we men give up collars what shall we wear in place of them? There is a well-grounded prejudice against the collarless shirt. The neckband, even when adorned by a inutile collar button of shining brass or of plated gold, is not an improvement, if neatness and beauty are to be considered; stocks, such as our great-grandfathers wore, are stiffer and more constricting to the throat than collars. There is the rolling, open, shirt collar, as affected by Lord Byron and Shelley, hygienic, no doubt, and artistic under the proper conditions. But few men, especially of mature years, would be attractive in such dress; and we feel sure that our American business men and office workers would be thoroughly unhappy in a costume that they would consider effeminate and frivolous. Let the Anti-Carcane League be "constructive" in the matter of the day. It is not enough to do away with the collar. Ephraim is pretty thoroughly joined to his idols and will not discard them, unless he sees something better in prospect. The crusaders of Paris must show us how to dress our necks more healthfully and more beautifully if they are to convert us to their cause. And even if they do, we suspect that man will still cling to the shining badge of social respectability. Open-throated shirts, cascades of lace, even carelessly knotted neck-handkerchiefs, would amuse if they did not terrify him. We do not look to see American manhood rise in a body to wage another war against Troy.

THIS BUC WORLD

NO VERDICT ON DAUGHTERTY

THE long trial of Harry M. Daugherty, who was Attorney-General under President Harding, and Col. T. W. Miller, who was alien property commissioner in the same administration, came to an inconclusive ending, since the jury was unable to reach a verdict with respect to either defendant. The two men were accused of accepting part of a large sum of money—\$441,000, to be exact—which was paid by certain German financiers who desired the property of the American Metals Company, a foreign-owned corporation seized during the war, transferred to them, to Mr. John T. King, a well-known politician and friend of the defendants, who is now dead. The jury was in consultation about two days before the final disagreement.

AN AMERICAN BOY ORATOR

AT Washington, on October 15, occurred the first international contest in oratory open to boys and girls of school age in the United States, Mexico, Canada, England and France. The jury of five eminent publicists awarded the prize to the American competitor, Herbert Wenig of Los Angeles. The second prize went to José Muñoz-Cota of Mexico City. Young Wenig was the winner of the national oratorical contest, also held in Washington, last spring.

PRUSSIA ENDOWS THE HOHENZOLLERN

THE Prussian Diet has finally passed a bill that turns over to the numerous members of the old royal family cash and landed property to the value of several hundred million marks. The thing was not done without a good deal of opposition from both Socialists and Communists. The latter group was especially obstreperous, and interfered in every possible way with the proceedings, until the leaders were ejected from the Chamber. Fist fights were frequent on the floor, and books and inkstands were thrown about freely.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON LIFE

THE famous English scientific man, Sir Oliver Lodge, has expressed his conviction that life is existing or will at some time exist on a great multitude of the worlds that are contained in our universe. "It is legitimate to surmise," he says, "that the object of all worlds in space is to provide opportunity for life and mind to develop, and that conditions favorable to life must in course of time occur in many parts of the universe."

RETIREMENT OF ASQUITH

IRRITATED and depressed by the quarrels over the proper course for the waning Liberal party of Great Britain, Lord Oxford and Asquith, who is the nominal leader of the party, has resigned. It is taken for granted that Mr. Lloyd George will succeed him, though there are a great many Liberals who do not like him, and would much prefer a less brilliant but more dependable leader. In his valedictory speech at Greenock Lord Oxford, who has led the Liberal party for twenty years, was moved to tears, and many of his audience were equally affected.

TROTSKY SUBMITS

WE learn from Moscow that Leon Trotsky and all the other Bolshevik leaders who have disliked the way in which the Central Committee of the Communist party is conducting affairs in Russia have made a pretty complete submission to the committee. They have not exactly retracted their views, but they admit that the decision of the Communist Congress on those points must be accepted as authoritative and agree not to make any attempt to split the party by prolonging the discussion of the questions at issue. Besides Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev and Sokolnikov have signed this capitulation to the party oligarchy. Nevertheless, we hear that all three are to be dropped from the Politbureau, or governing committee of the Soviet Republic; and Zinoviev is to lose his post as head of the Communist International.

ON TO PARIS IN 1927

THE American Legion has voted to hold its annual convention next year in Paris. The original plan was to elect General Pershing Legion Commander for 1927, so that he might lead this second "expeditionary force"

back to France, but he declined the office on the plea of ill health. It is felt that the visit of thousands of former soldiers to France may have a good effect on the relations between the French and the American peoples, which have been a little disturbed by the discussions about the war debt that France owes to this country.

NEW ENFORCEMENT PLANS

GENERAL ANDREWS, who is in charge of prohibition enforcement, has divided the country into five zones, each under a supervisor, who will serve as a sort of liaison officer between the headquarters at Washington and the field forces. The zones cover the Eastern Atlantic states, the Southern Atlantic states, the Middle Western states, the Gulf states and the Far-Western and Pacific states. It is believed that the new organization will increase the effectiveness of the enforcement forces, and especial efforts will be made to break up the smuggling which exists today along the South Atlantic and Gulf shores.

LABOR AND COMMUNISM

THE failure of the Communist propaganda from Russia among the workmen of the Western nations was emphasized by two events that happened recently on successive days. At Margate, the British Labor Party Congress voted 15 to 1 that believers in Communism should not be permitted to join the party. At Detroit the convention of the American Federation of Labor voted down a resolution in favor of the Russian Soviet government almost unanimously and stigmatized the Moscow régime as "the most unscrupulous and anti-social institution in the world today."

MISCELLANY

TO THE QUEEN

*Courage that kept unfaltering guard
Ready at instant need;
That sprang to life at his lightest word
Or his bravest deed;
Faith that could arm his soul to live
In the pit of hell—
Faith and courage were his to give,
And he gave them well.*

*There is no flaw on his high renown
Untouched by friend or foe—
He has fought his fight, and the lists are down,
And the sun sinks low.
Look in his eyes where nothing clings
But weariness stark and wan;
Lancelot draws to the end of things,
But I go on!*

*But I go on—to a sure reward
And a fate that is yet to run;
Seeing your smile in the flash of my sword
As it wheels in the sun;
Seeing your eyes in the faultless blue
Of perilous seas—
The whole of a life I bring to you
And not the lees.*

—ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

HEADED FOR ADVENTURE

"WHY" asks the moral tenderfoot, "did God make it harder to do right than to do wrong? Why does the man who always tries to do right often go unrewarded—so far as man can see?"

Let us answer these questions, in Yankee fashion, by asking others. What glory would there be in doing right if it was as easy as it is to do wrong? What would there be heroic about doing a brave deed if you knew there was no risk? Wouldn't a pay check every Saturday night for every kind or noble thing you had done during the week cheapen those fine things? The Boy Scouts understand this. They do a kind deed each day, but refuse pay for it. To take pay would take away all the glory of the kind deed.

No, you're headed straight for adventure when you undertake to live a fine, strong, heroic life. The dictionary defines the verb adventure "to risk, to hazard, to put to the test." There's no fun in doing a thing that you know perfectly well you can do—unless you are a moral tenderfoot. You love to dream about doing something brave and heroic, just because it is brave and heroic, not for the reward. And you'll find that it is going to take all that there is in you to live

a clean, strong, Christian life. That's where the adventure comes in.

Tell the moral tenderfoot, when he comes to you with his disturbing questions, that the world cannot be, at the same time, easy and heroic. Let us suppose a case. Here is a child on the railroad track. The engineer does not see him. At the risk of your life you snatch that child from danger. You are a hero. You have adventured. You have put your courage to the test. But if you had known, when you made the rescue, that there was not a particle of danger, that the engineer saw the child and meant to stop just in time, what would there have been heroic about your deed? Wouldn't it have been cheap and commonplace?

The annual round-up at Cheyenne, Wyoming, is famous for its daring riders. For several years a mere boy only ten when he began thrilled the spectators with what looked like very dangerous feats of horsemanship. "The boy is not in a particle of danger," the father confided to a friend. "That horse is so carefully trained that he will buck at a word, or stand still at another word. He would no more hurt the boy than I would." It was a "fake" performance.

We'll say you are in a group of gay young people. They are good friends. You like them. They like you. But they want to do something questionable, something you can not approve of. If you knew there would be no danger of risking your popularity with this group that you like, and that you want to like you, what would there be fine in opposing this questionable thing?

God is always very eager to make heroes of us. That's why he says: "I can't cheapen virtue by making it easy. I am not going to pay you in the gewgaws and gimcracks of life for living finely and bravely. I am going to make it a real adventure. You'll have to risk something to win character."

But that's the joy of it, the thrill of it. There is nothing commonplace about living finely and bravely.

PHANTOM FEARS

WE have all of us laughed at the old woman who said, "Such a lot of trouble in the world, and half of it never happens," and we laugh though we know that she spoke the truth and gave the world a bit of condensed wisdom it badly stands in need of. That is specially true of physical troubles, of which it may fairly be said that half of it only happens in the shape of nervous apprehension and shrinking terror. The fussy, frightened person, who knows just enough about germs and infections and autointoxications to keep himself in an eternal state of uneasiness, is always with us.

In the unending war that is waged between the human race and the germs of disease, we yield up our weapons in advance when we give too much place to apprehension. It is the exact opposite of the course we should take, which is to increase our resistance. The germs will always be here—all around us, in every room, in every vehicle, and, more than that, in every nose and throat, and harbored by every system; but they have their best chance with the panicky, the unprotected, the non-resistant, with all those people who lack the power, as we say, "to throw it off"; and a state of constant expectation and dread is a sure way to lower the natural resistance.

An attack of influenza is a very real affliction when it comes, but the phantom attacks with which many people fill their conversation from the middle of October till May are also real afflictions and quite unnecessary ones. Focal infections are serious things, but so is the misery of the readers of street-car advertisements who have no focal infections but who have convinced themselves that they have.

But the monarch of all these terrors is "heart trouble"—so important, so vague, and so easy to have! A silly habit of taking one's own pulse in season and out is soon established, a few phrases such as "missed beat" are soon picked up, and the mischief is done. Nothing is so salutary at this juncture as a visit to a heart specialist, who knows real heart trouble when he sees it, and who will probably be found reassuring when faced with a homemade diagnosis.

BRAVE EMILY LACY

IN the course of a recent discussion of the notable achievement of Gertrude Ederle and Mrs. Clemington Corson (Amelia Gade) in swimming the English Channel, a visitor from London recalled that there was much

(Continued on page 890)

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Authorized Manufacturer Official Boy Scout Shoes

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No. 373 for boys, Boy Scouts' official dress shoe, Boy Scouts' dress last

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(Continued from page 889)

speculation concerning the comparative ability and endurance of men and women in the water as long as forty years ago. It was aroused by the remarkable experience of a young girl of sixteen in the shipwreck of the ill-fated Quetta, homeward bound from the Orient.

Emily Lacy, with her little sister May, three years younger than herself, was on her way to England to complete her education. When the vessel crashed on a sharp rock, she was in the saloon writing to her mother. She rushed to her cabin and got her sister from her berth, and up to the deck, where in the wild confusion the girls were separated. May, with the clergyman in whose charge the sisters were, was drowned when the Quetta went down. Emily, too, was carried under, but quickly rose to find herself in a horrible welter of drowning sheep and shrieking Singalese which almost overwhelmed her. Somehow, she broke away and swam toward a tiny raft, occupied by the ship's purser. He welcomed her to share it, and for twelve hours she stayed with him; but he could not swim, and for much of the time she swam by his side, trying to tow him in the direction of the shore, which she erroneously believed lay no more than two miles away. At length, realizing that both must perish for lack of food and, still more, water, she determined, before she was too far gone to do so, to try to swim to land, and there secure help for her companion. He protested; but she held to her resolution and struck out gallantly, as he waved farewell.

Soon she got into powerful cross-currents and could make little progress. The heat was fearful; she had often to hold her head under water to avoid sunstroke. She would not think of sharks and, when she remembered her parents, would not admit that she might drown. Her strength was nearly gone when she was picked up by a passing vessel, and she could only feebly raise one arm to signal the approaching boat. She was frightfully burned and blistered, as well as exhausted; and when her eager rescuers lifted her at last from the water she had been swimming twenty hours.

HANDLING MEN

"THERE is more than one way to skin a cat," says the old proverb; and, to make our application of that proverbial wisdom, there is more than one way to get your way with other men. The way one shrewd old sea captain took with his crew is amusingly described by Rex Clements in "A Gypsy of the Horn."

On Friday, the 4th of December, he says, we finished discharging our stone ballast—we simply dumped it overside and had taken in about five hundred tons of guano in its place. From then to Christmas we worked steadily away. About five days a week was our average and we laboured from daylight till dark.

"Knock off" time came at six o'clock, but when the weather permitted the old man got in the habit of ordering off a lighter about five-thirty. Of course it had to be finished, and it necessitated working a couple of hours overtime. The men stood it for a bit, then saw through the dodge and one evening at six o'clock refused to work any longer that day.

They went aft, and to our surprise the old man took it very quietly and said but little. Next day sharp at six came the order, "That'll do, you men," and all hands trooped off for'ard, mightily pleased with themselves and vowing that "no blasted skipper was going to humbug them about."

They hadn't got well into the fore'sle before there came the sharp order: "Man the windlass!"

"Hullo!" we said, wondering. "What's up?" We soon knew. The order was given to slack away aft and then to heave in on our starboard cable. Mighty hard work it was riding to that heavy swell, but in an hour or so we had hove short. Then the cable was paid out again, and we had to heave tight our heavy stern moorings once more. Till past eight we worked, all dog-tired, and longing for our tea.

Being in a dangerous "open roadstead," the hands couldn't complain at work "necessary for the safety of the ship." Getting a better hold with the anchors, the old man called it and it would have been mutiny to contradict him.

For two or three nights this went on, and then the lighters commenced to come off again at half-past five. The men worked them out to a finish with never a word said, and apparently at the same moment the cap-

tain was satisfied of the security of his holding ground for there was no more work at the anchors.

It was checkmate, without bullying or hard words. We boys suffered equally with the men, but couldn't forbear chuckling at the skipper's craftiness even in the midst of our loud complainings. He was a tartar to catch was our worthy commander.

FASHIONS IN NAMES

WHEN a very recent baby was named by its proud young mother Gillian, opinion in her circle was almost equally divided. "Quaint," "charming," "delightfully old-fashioned," declared many of her girl friends; but of their elders more were dubious. "Nobody ever heard of any Gillian, no matter whether you spell her with a G or a J, except the Jill whose brother was Jack," declared one matron indignantly. "The poor child will go through life suggesting upset water pails and broken crowns and black and blue spots!" But another corrected her: "Oh, no; there must have been others, for I'm sure I've heard either a saying or the refrain of a song, or something of that sort that runs 'Every Jack shall have his Jill, and every maid her man.' To be sure, that's Jack and Jill again; but not Mother Goose."

Jill, indeed, was at one time as properly typical a girl's name as Jack may still be reckoned a boy's.

The Rev. C. W. Bardsley, an English authority on names, includes it in a list of the seven most popular feminine names in the England of six centuries ago. These names, in the year 1300, were, in order, Matilda, Isabella, Emma, Cecilia, Catherine, Margaret and Gillian—oftenest spelled with a G, though sometimes, and more naturally with a J, as it is a form of Juliana. Of these seven names, it is the only one which has almost dropped out of use; but only two of the seven, Catherine and Margaret, might possibly be included among our commoner names today.

It will be noticed that Mary, the leading favorite for so many years of modern and more ancient periods, does not appear in the list at all. But among names for men, John, first favorite today, was so then. The corresponding seven masculine names, as Doctor Bardsley gives them, are John, William, —out of every hundred Englishmen at that date there would be twenty Johns and fifteen Williams,—Thomas, Bartholomew, Nicholas, Philip and Simon; following in popularity came Peter, Isaac, Richard, Robert, Walter, Henry, Guy, Roger and Baldwin. Most of these are still fairly common; but Bartholomews are no longer plentiful, and Baldwins as rare as Gillians.

A BIT OF MAGIC

"WHERE'S the car, dad?" asked the son of an absent-minded professor.

"Why, dear me," he said, "I really don't know. Did I take it out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it downtown."

"That's very remarkable," replied the professor. "I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who had given me the lift, and wondered where he had gone."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures, and there is so little trustworthy information about them, that it may be hard for your family to tell which are really worth seeing. The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

The Man Nobody Knows—Pictorial Clubs, Inc. The life of Christ told in scenes from the Holy Land. Titles by Bruce Barton.

It Must Be Love—First National
Fernie Schmidt ran away from her father's delicatessen shop only to be led back by Dan Cupid. Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt.

Risky Business—Producer's Distributing Corp. A society butterfly finds that satisfaction is to be found only in service. Vera Reynolds.

The Midnight Kiss—William Fox
His pigs and the medicine he had compounded for their ailments meant more to the young hero than girls did. Richard Walling and Janet Gaynor.

The Flaming Frontier—Universal
General Custer's last fight at the Little Big Horn, and the events that led up to it. Hoot Gibson.

Subway Sadie—First National
The mirthful romance of a shop-girl and a subway train guard. Dorothy Mackail and Jack Mulhall.



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Irish Terriers: Guards, protectors, playfellows for kiddies, tamest and cleanest dog on earth. Puppies for sale. Illustrated folder. Red Top Kennels, V. C., Teague, Texas

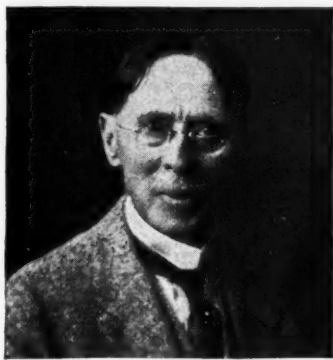
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How I Came to Write for The Youth's Companion

By C. A. STEPHENS



Among the descriptive sketches submitted on my return was one, entitled "Mt. Vernon Today," which was afterwards printed in The Companion, with four pictures. At that time Mr. Ford was publishing what were termed illustrated editorials, treating of current topics.

For "Mt. Vernon Today" I received the generous sum of fifteen dollars, which, as I proudly reflected, was as much as John Bunyan was paid for his entire "Pilgrim's Progress." Young writers often derive much comfort from such reflections.

True Stories for Young People

It was from this fortuitous trip to Washington, in those early days of Mr. Ford's great work, that more than twenty-years of travel and writing for The Companion began. It had been a part of my services while traveling to collect material for stories, to talk with boys and girls who read The Companion, as well as with their parents, and to learn from them what had pleased them best, and what they would like in the future.

One fact had long impressed me as a result of hundreds of conversations with young folks, namely, the desire to know whether this or that story published in the paper were really true, and whether the characters portrayed in them were now living, and if so, what they were doing at present. I discovered, if I were obliged to confess that the tale in which they had become interested was fiction, that they appeared to be disappointed.

In conversation with Mr. Ford I had several times mentioned the desire for truth on the part of our boy and girl readers. To this end the following plan was at length contrived. An envoy of The Companion—myself or some one else—was to make it his business to travel about and interview the readers of the paper, with a view to collecting incidents and adventures from their experiences in life and to gain permission to put these in story form.

The project was under consideration for two months or more; and at length Mr. Ford took the opinion of several authors, and perhaps publishers. Mr. W. D. Howells believed it would succeed and become an element of great strength to The Companion—a tremendous advertisement, in fact. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge held a similar opinion; and I believe Thomas Bailey Aldrich concurred.

Acting on his suggestion, I began to write the tales of our Old Farm neighborhood—memories of my boyhood at the Old Squire's place—more than two hundred of which have appeared in The Companion. The favor those tales have won seems to have proved that the true-story idea might be adopted with success.

OF all our contributors, C. A. Stephens is the most venerable. His wonderful stories about his native Maine and his neighbors in the Old Farm Country have endeared him to hundreds of thousands of friends everywhere. Companion readers will welcome with a thrill of pleasure and affection Doctor Stephens's own story of how he became connected with The Companion.

"T WAS fifty years ago—yes, fifty-five—that the present writer, then a youth just emerging from his teens, climbed the two long flights of stairs at 151 Washington Street, Boston, and knocked at the door of the unpretentious office of The Youth's Companion. In my pocket, well out of sight, was an envelope containing two stories for which I was in bashful quest of a purchaser. Less than a year previously, I had made the brave resolve to live by the use of a pen, but felt like putting it as modestly as possible. In response to my knock which was so discreet that I had to repeat it, a low, gentle voice said, "Come in."

This was the publisher of The Companion, Mr. Daniel S. Ford.

"You may leave your two stories with me," he said at length. "I will read them and tell you if I can use them. Come in again day after tomorrow."

On the occasion of my second call Mr. Ford's manner was slightly less reserved. He asked me where I hailed from and where I was stopping in the city.

"I think I can use your two stories," he said. "What do you expect to get for them?"

I replied that I would be glad to receive whatever he was willing to pay. He asked me if seven dollars apiece would satisfy me, and I accepted. The following week Mr. Ford accepted four more stories from me.

Mr. Ford asked how I proposed to spend the money.

"On a trip to Washington," I said, promptly.

A Special Offer by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion

THIS year we are publishing a brand-new Stephens book, called "Stories of My Home Folks." None of the stories have ever before appeared in print, nor will the book be offered for sale. Every friend of Mr. Stephens will want one.



Here is our Special Offer:

Send us your renewal subscription for The Youth's Companion early, before the rush of the holiday season, including six cents extra to pay postage and packing on the book, and we will present you with a copy of "Stories of My Home Folks."

The subscription price of The Youth's Companion is \$2.00 for one year, \$3.50 for two years, \$5.00 for three years. In foreign countries, \$2.50 for one year. Use this coupon today:

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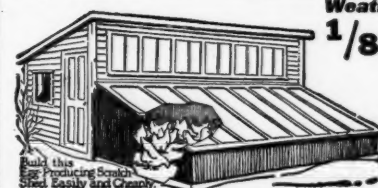
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The Y. C. Lab Celebrates an Anniversary

Second Year of the only National Junior Scientific Society in the World Begins, with Greater Plans for the Future



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

Councilors' Reports

REPORT OF COUNCILOR LOUIS H. YOUNG, S. B., S. M.

(Assistant Professor of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

A YEAR ago I was requested to cooperate with the Y. C. Lab in the capacity of Councilor. I welcomed the opportunity to join the staff. Soon after the institution of the Lab, questions began to come in from our Members, and it was my job to answer a great number of them. "How do I find the horsepower of a water wheel?" "Where does electricity come from?" "Where can I buy Leyden jars?" "How big is a molecule?" "How can a boy get to college who has little money?" "How do you build a tennis court?"

These are a few actual examples. Some questions can be answered very quickly, others require hours of research in library and laboratory. Every one of the questions has been answered by personal letter. In all cases they have been worded in such non-technical language that they can be readily understood by one not familiar with scientific terms. The success of this department is evidenced by the great increase in the number of questions.

Manufacturers soon began to take advantage of the merchandise-test service of the Lab. In my work in this service I have examined a varied assortment of articles, utilizing any number of especially devised tests. To the best of my knowledge we were the first to illustrate the value of the X-ray test as applied to golf balls. When an article is received for testing, every standard method of testing is used. Very often further tests which approximate working conditions are applied. If all the various examinations show that the product is well designed, of good materials and of above average workmanship, I give it my indorsement in my report to the Director. Articles which do not meet the above three conditions cannot receive the Y. C. Lab Approval Seal.

For six weeks this summer it was my privilege to serve as Acting Director during the vacation of the Director. It was not long before I had learned many of our Members' names and problems. I value these friendships very highly and should be very glad to meet any Lab Members who come to Boston, and who care to call on me at the Institute.

REPORT OF COUNCILOR F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN, S. B., S. M.

(Instructor in Naval Architecture, Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

THE thousands of readers of The Youth's Companion waited ninety-nine years for the Y. C. Lab to be born. People who wait so long as this expect something worth while.

On December 10 of last year I wrote my first letter for the Lab to a Virginia boy who wanted to know how to build a model airplane. Before me lies a pile of carbon copies of the letters written since then, and there are 483 of them.

The questions I have been asked range all the way from "How did Perry get his fleet up Niagara Falls?" to "What is the best preparation with which to cover the sails of a model ship so that they will hold a permanent shape as though filled by the wind?" And if you think that anything short of 100-per-cent accuracy in instruction will suit Lab Members, consider the case of a Member who wrote all the way from Canton, China, to correct an error I had made. But there is one question which no one has asked me—"Is the Lab worth while?" Nobody asks that question because everybody knows that it is. Not long ago a student in Harvard College wrote me a personal letter saying that of all the things he read in various magazines nothing interested him so much as the Lab page in The Youth's Companion.

The Lab page is a record of accomplishment, but the biggest accomplishment will never be measured or appreciated until some day, twenty years from now, a famous scientist of the future will write something like this: "My first interest in research was stimulated by something I saw on the Y. C. Lab page."

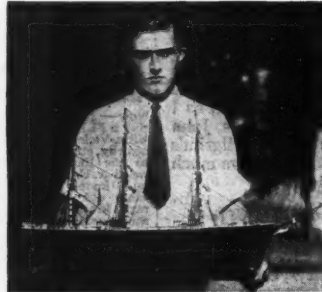


Councilor Magoun

THE FIRST YEAR—A Statement by the DIRECTOR



Above, Member Don Emery, of Chelsea, Mass., winner of the Second Quarterly \$100 Award made on May 6, 1926, for the construction of his "Pipeless Furnace."



Above, Member F. William Bang, of Newtonville, Mass., the first member of the Lab, first winner of the Weekly \$5 Award, and first winner (on January 21, 1926) of a \$100 Quarterly Award for a model theatre.



Center, Albert F. Bird, of Somerville, Mass., First Fellow of the Lab, awarded on September 15, 1926, the Annual Prize of a four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



At left, Member Fulton Holtby, of Geneva, New York, winner, on September 2, of the Third Quarterly Award.

THESE ARE THE PRINCIPAL WINNERS OF LAST YEAR WHO WILL THEIR SUCCESSORS BE?

UNTIL this moment, I have not permitted myself the pleasure of speaking directly to the Membership of the Y. C. Lab, except through correspondence. I have always held to the belief that the Members are more interested in the intensely practical contents of the weekly proceedings than in personal messages from the staff. The Governors and Councilors have felt as I do, and we have all confined our efforts to working for your benefit without taking the time to tell you how we felt about it.

But this week is a good deal different from most weeks. This week marks the triumphant close of the first year of the Y. C. Lab. It marks the beginning of a second year, brighter with promise for the Lab and its Members than the most enthusiastic supporter would have found it possible to imagine from the modest beginning of a year ago.

The truth is that the Y. C. Lab, organized last November as the first National Junior Scientific and Engineering Society in the world, has filled a need in the lives of boys that has existed and gone unanswered for the past fifty years—and it has done it in so spectacular a fashion that not even the most far-seeing man on its Board of Governors can even imagine the scope of the Society in the next fifty years. The Lab is now an established power in boys' affairs and careers. This result, as I see it, is primarily due to the keen vision of its founders, Harford Powel, Jr., A.B., Ellery Sedgwick, A.B., Litt. D., Marion Eppley, Ph.D., A.I.E.E., who are the Governors of the Y. C. Lab, together with

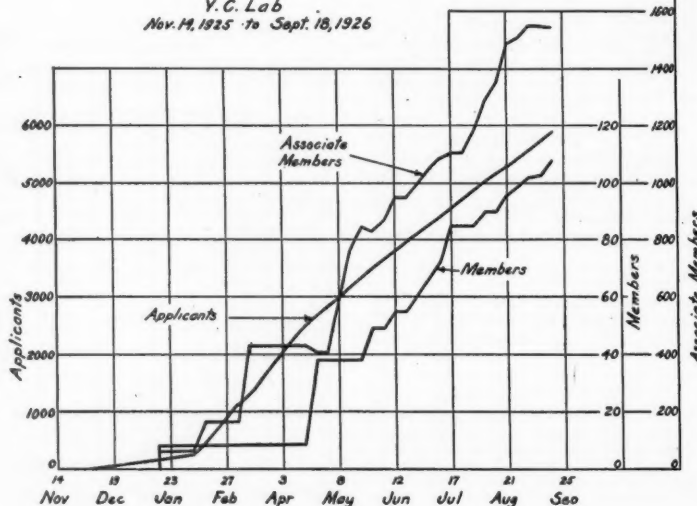
Mr. Harry Irving Shumway, who is also in charge of the Laboratory experimentation. But our success is due likewise to the loyalty and diligence of its Councilors, not only those who give you brief reports on this page, but also Mr. James K. Clapp, of the Electrical Engineering Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. Louis F. Ranlett, Mr. Edward W. Frenz, and Mr. Edward H. Blakely, all of whom gave their services to the Lab because of interest and faith in what was, a year ago, a mere idea of service to boys.

But, after all, the Lab stands or falls by the membership it attracts, and by the loyalty and ability of this membership as time goes on. It is, therefore, primarily to Members that the warmest congratulation should go for the achievements that have been brought to light in this first year. The Society was given into your hands, and you have given an admirable demonstration of your worth for this responsibility. The result has been the creation of a uniquely important and successful body, in which you may justly be proud to claim membership.

Happily, the Lab has been able to do a good deal for its Members in return. I am thinking now not only of tangible rewards, although these have been considerable. More than one hundred boys have won a total of \$2000.00 in actual cash awards, and all of them have had the distinction of seeing themselves and their projects appear in print. Three boys have so far received Quarterly Awards of \$100.00 each for exceptionally meritorious work. And one, the

(Continued on page 893)

Chart Showing Growth of the Y. C. Lab Nov. 14, 1925 to Sept. 18, 1926



Councilors' Reports

REPORT OF COUNCILOR ARTHUR L. TOWNSEND, S. B.

(Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

THOSE who have watched the phenomenal growth of the Y. C. Lab cannot help but realize that it has provided a unique service to the energetic modern boy. It has made possible a wholesome outlet for youthful enthusiasm, first by establishing a system of awards for meritorious accomplishments, and second by providing a guiding hand to assist the boy in doing things worth while.

It has been the good fortune of this Councilor to be connected with the Y. C. Lab since its beginning. He has been greatly impressed with the ever-increasing interest of boys all over the world to become affiliated with a true actual Junior Scientific Society and to participate in its proceedings. A large and interesting part of this work has had to do with the review of the applications for Associate Membership. From a survey of a thousand or more letters, certain deductions can be made.

Almost every boy has made at some time or other some useful object: for example, a bird house, a cabinet for the kitchen, a wagon, or a radio set. Before the advent of the Lab, he could receive no widespread recognition. It is safe to say, however, that except in rare cases he never attempted to write his experiences while building the object, or even attempted to write a reasonable description, giving materials used, tools required and operations necessary to complete the work. This is evident from the nature of the applications received. When encouraged to do this, by the Lab, the boy invariably does a commendable piece of work.

There seems to be a hesitancy on the part of some boys to apply for Associate Memberships, thinking perhaps that their work is not good enough to warrant the attention of the Board of Governors. As is well known, nothing succeeds like trying, and therefore prospective Applicants should not hesitate to send in their projects with an accompanying description. Should the first application fail of election, the Applicant may rest assured that he will be given kindly and instructive advice as to how to improve his work or the description thereof, so that a future application will pass inspection.

Members and Associate Members can well make use of their Lab connections through the use of the "Questions and Answers" column. Many of the questions are interesting and often require studied answers.

Specifically, this Councilor has inspected a thousand or more applications, answered roughly a hundred questions, criticized in detail a number of drawings submitted by Members, and has taken part in tests made on numerous pieces of apparatus.

A Special Report Next Week

As you can well imagine, the report of Governor Harry I. Shumway, in charge of the Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass., needs a week to itself. All the projects of this active proving ground and development station could not possibly be recorded in proceedings so crowded as this week's must be. Therefore, if you will wait patiently for another seven days, we will then present to you the report of a year overflowing with activity, and also reports from Councilors Clapp and Blakely.

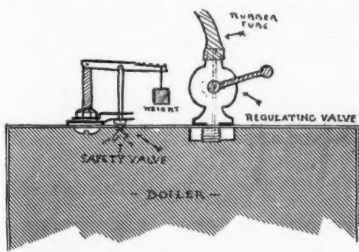
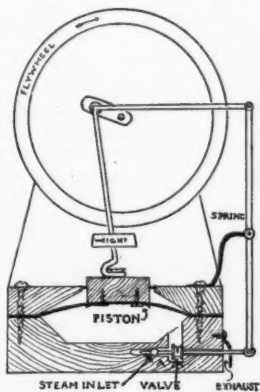


Members C. O'Connell, Robert MacDonald, Herbert Sawyer and Mr. Shumway

51st Weekly \$5 Award

IT is thoroughly fitting that the award which is made on the date which commemorates the founding of the Lab should be so admirable a project as the steam engine designed by Member Jesse G. McCune (18) of Ottawa, Kansas. The diagrammatic sketches of the engine and the boiler detail can give only a small idea of Member McCune's ingenious construction or of the extreme practicability of his construction. The materials lie close under the hand of most boys, and further study now being conducted in the Experimental Lab at Wollaston will soon make Member McCune's plans, or a modification of them, available to all Lab Members. If you are interested in this project, send a postcard to the Director, who will put your name on the list of those to receive further details later.

Essentially, this engine classifies as a single-acting and single-direction type. Without much difficulty the valve mechanism could be elaborated to permit reversing the direction of motion, but nothing would be gained by attempting to make it double acting (that is, ad-



(Continued from page 892)

First Fellow of the Lab, has been rewarded by a four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But this is not all. To me, one of the most important things the Lab has done is to create, in the minds of adults, a new sympathy and a new respect for the ability of boys—a new recognition of the unlimited possibilities of a newly discovered power—boy power.

The chart on the preceding page will give you an excellent idea of the growth of your Society. It leaves no doubt that membership in the year just beginning will eventually quadruple the figures of today, impressive though these are. The Lab was founded on the solid rock of experimentally determined fact. It offers no theoretical or impracticable projects. No project is published in the proceedings until boys have actually built it, and until we know it can be done. That is one safeguard against disappointment. Another is the rapidly enlarging Testing Service, which guarantees to boys that merchandise which bears the seal of the Y. C. Lab will help, not hinder, them in their work. With the threefold features of the Lab—the services of the Experimental Lab, of the Councilors stationed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and elsewhere and of the Secretary's office—constantly engaged in personal correspondence with as many as a hundred boys a day, it is small wonder that the Lab can safely look forward to a banner year in 1927. New features, new interests, new plans, are already well under way. New prizes are in store, new prize winners to be discovered from

Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction, and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the Society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address

mitting steam from both ends of the "cylinder" instead of one) save a good many complications which would not materially add to the excellence of the present design.

Later on the present researches of the Lab on this admirable design will be published more fully. For the time being, however, so that Member McCune may have the distinction due him without further delay, we shall content ourselves by quoting his brief and succinct description.

"The lower part of the engine is made from two blocks of walnut 4" square. I put them on the lathe at school and hollowed them out, as shown, with a hole clear through the thinner one. They are screwed together at each corner with a piece of inner-tube rubber between. The piston block is fixed to the rubber at the center by a piece of tin and screws.

"As the engine is single-acting, a weight is needed to bring the piston down with the same force. The connecting rod and valve rods, etc., are made of wire.

"The valve is a casting of solder which fits over a wire and is keyed to it by a sawcut over halfway through the solder, into which a small brad is placed, so that it also fits into a notch filed in the wire. There is a ring of rubber on either side of the valve. A, the steam inlet, turns at right angles to the motion of the valve and leaves the lower block of wood through a round projection over which the end of the steam supply tube is slipped.

"The boiler is made from a tin paint can, and I think the drawing shows the construction.

"The engine has considerable speed and power for its size. I planned the construction to suit materials which I had. The shaft and fly-wheel are from my old 'Meccano set.' It cost me little but my time."

the Members still to come. I take my hat off to the Membership, not only in congratulation for the achievements of the past, but for the equally certain ones of the future.

ERIC F. HODGINS, S.B.,
Director, Y. C. Lab

Proceedings
of Y. C. Experimental Lab

November 1.

We had a celebration today, we of the active force of the Lab at Wollaston. Herbert Sawyer and Clifford O'Connell have been working Members ever since it started a year ago. They have worked on all the projects during that time—the building, Cinderella, and all the rest. Robert MacDonald joined us this spring—so we included him in the celebration. We knocked off work at five o'clock and drove in to Boston, thence to a restaurant. There we had four big broiled live lobsters and other things. A fine dinner. Then we went to Keith's Theatre, and a splendid performance it was. Everybody had a good time.

November 2.

Tested some bits and chisels, also a game. Still building more Cheerio Birds. These are keeping us very busy.

November 3.

Building a firewood basket and a magazine rack from veneered wood. Made some more patterns for Cinderella; we have run out of several numbers.

November 4.

The Lab is over a year old. On October 12, 1925, we dug the first shovelful of dirt in preparation for the foundation. The Members were absent today, burying their faces in the dirt in the name of football. But the Governor was "at home," taking pictures and so on. In the afternoon Mr. Harford Powel, Jr., called with his son. He brought with him a distinguished prodigal—Cinderella. Cinderella has been away for three months, visiting friends on the North Shore. It seems good to see her back. We have some tangible evidences of our work—manipulation here now—the car, our two speed boats, airplanes, polo mallets, etc.

November 5.

Finished the firewood basket (which really isn't a basket, but is made of veneered wood), and it looks very nice. The magazine holder is progressing, too. Finished another model airplane, and this one shows indications of going up in the world. The rudder is wrong, but the plane really leaves the ground under its own power—which is remarkable when you look at it one way; i. e., neither you nor I can do it.

We are beginning some work with tin and solder. Designed and built a candlestick. Tin in sheets is great fun to work with, and nothing solders any better.

November 6.

Made a few more Cheerio Birds. Stained and varnished the firewood basket. Enamelled the candlestick. Built another rudder and elevator for the plane.

1876

1926



"Everyman"

This "Everyman" picture was painted by that famous artist, Cole Phillips, quite a few years ago. It cost \$200, a fabulous price for one picture in those days, and was one of the first of his "real art" pictures to be used in America for advertising.

Boston Garters Are Still Made
With a New England Conscience

Back in the days when a "flying machine" existed only in the imagination of Jules Verne, granddad and granma chose the product advertised by the George Frost Company. Shoulder braces "for men and boys, (also specially adapted for ladies and misses)" were being advertised then as the fine New England product "receiving highest Centennial award."

And now in this sesqui-centennial year, George Frost Company Products, — Boston Garters for men and boys, Velvet Grip hose supporters for women, misses, children and infants — are famous for quality throughout the world.

Experience gained by meeting the needs of many successive generations had much to do with this, but most important of all, we feel, is the fact that these products have always been and are still made with a New England conscience.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

Boston Garter
Velvet Grip



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and numerous other Magazines

57 KNEELAND ST. · BOSTON · PHONE HANCOCK 1620

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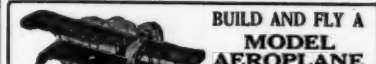
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MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. M-51 CHICAGO



Ruth, Natalie, Dorothy and Helen. A close-up at the Workbox and taken in the nick of time—two seconds later and this would have been quite another picture!

For Your November Parties

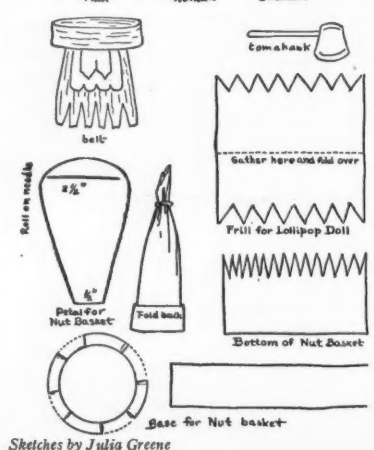
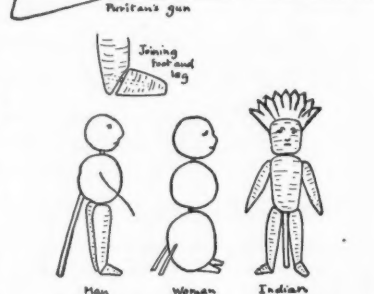
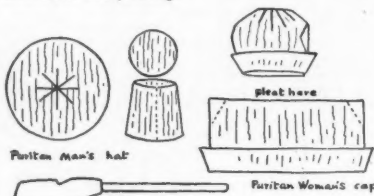
AFTER the first weeks during which the Workbox was more than busy in getting in running shape and making their smocks and chest and record diaries, the question arose as to just what would be the best enterprise to try out next. Helen and Natalie rather shyly suggested a party, feeling that the time had come for something that wasn't quite so serious as all the getting-started part. The others all agreed—and here are the results of their party to help you out, they hope, if you are planning a party this month and want a successful, attractive and original November party table. For the games and refreshments they used, which we haven't room to print, just send a stamped envelope to the Workbox in my care, and we'll be glad to send them along to you as Members of the G. Y. C.

First of all they covered the table with a Thanksgiving tablecloth from Dennison's—this they purchased for 15 cents. They decided to have a turkey for the centerpiece and made one by cutting it out of decorative crepe paper. First one turkey was cut and a fine cloth-covered wire pasted around the edge. Paste was put on and a padding of cotton wadding stuck on over the paste. A second turkey was then cut out and paste applied, and this turkey was pasted over the cotton wadding that lined the first turkey, thus covering the cotton. (In order to form the model, one side of the turkey had to be turned in, so the picture was traced through thin paper with colored crayons.) The turkey's feet were wired down (with a heavier wire than that used for the edge) on a pasteboard box to make him stand up alone. Then this box was covered with dark green crepe paper cut to look like grass. Fruit was tucked in through this.

The place card favors were lollipop dolls—a small lollipop was wired down the wooden



stem and a little loop made at the bottom of the wire to make it stand up. A piece of paper four inches wide and eleven inches long, cut with the grain of the paper up and down, was scolloped and then drawn together on a knitting needle to make an even gathering. This was tied through the middle with wire just under the candy. Two pieces of stick candy wrapped in oiled paper were next wired under the frill for arms. Two more pieces of paper five inches wide and thirteen inches long were cut and scolloped and frilled as before, and wired on; these made the skirt. Two more pieces of stick candy were then wired on for the legs. Faces drawn on plain white paper were pasted on the lollipop. The hat was crepe paper $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches square—first turned back $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, then pasted with the two sides together. It was drawn to the top, and a little half-inch triangle was pasted for a top-knot. A tiny band of crepe paper made a finish for the joining.



Sketches by Julia Greene

The G. Y. C.

FOR ALL GIRLS EVERYWHERE

The Keystone Pin—
gold letters on blue
enamel



By what enterprise will you win your Keystone Pin and become an Active Member?

SEND me the little Keystone blank with your stamped envelope and indicate whether you are going to have your own Branch Club or just belong by yourself—it will bring you the key to untold surprises!

The First Week of the G. Y. C.

IT has been a perfectly breathless, exciting one—not just for you when you opened your November 11th Companions at Pages 866 and 867, but for Betty and Letitia Valentine and all the Workbox members and all of us who have been in on the secret of the G. Y. C. and the Workbox while they were starting. Judging from the piles and piles and PILES of the little Keystone blanks which are arriving by every mail, you

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises leading to successful achievements

are ever so enthusiastic about it, too. In answer to the question of last week, "Are you with us?" evidently you all are! "The G. Y. C. is the best yet," writes one of our very first Corresponding Members. "We've got the best Branch Club started you ever heard of, and are using Christmas presents for our first enterprise. 'Frills' like smocks and diaries for ourselves will have to stand in line until after Christmas. If the pins aren't ours by next week, we'll wonder why."

You may be sure they will have their pins—if not next week, the week after, for the first list of candidates for Active Members comes up for election then. And Esther Pollock's Club out in Clarion, Iowa, is at the head of the list for winning pins—they're Founder-Members, because Betty persuaded me to give them our secret some time ago.

Coming Next Week:

1. Announcement of the First G. Y. C. Achievement Contest—all members are eligible
2. The first of the lovely G. Y. C. Workbox Christmas Presents that you can make yourself
3. First news about new Members

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street,

Boston, Massachusetts



Photograph by George Brayton

THANKSGIVING FAVORS

Suggested for the G. Y. C.

By Georgia Eldredge Hanley

Fig Turkey Place Card



One fig for the body, stem for neck. Take another fig and cut off two small curved pieces for wings from the stem end. Fasten these on each side of the turkey's body with toothpicks.

picks and use the rest of the fig for the tail, fastening it on across the back with toothpicks. Use an almond meat for the head, stuck on the stem neck with a pin. Hang a strip of red gumdrop from the top of the head down one side of the beak. Make the legs of small pieces of stick candy. Use a toothpick from the turkey's body in the back to the table to make it stand.

Potato Puritan Maid

Select a small round white potato for the head. Use one that has a knob on one side. This is the nose, and the eyes, eyebrows, nostrils and mouth are marked with ink around it. Use another potato the same size for the body and a larger one, rather flat at one end, for the lower part. Fasten the head securely on the body with two toothpicks or a lollipop stick. Fasten the body securely the same way to the lower part. Make some hair of dried corn silk and arrange it on the head with paste or pins. Make a full dress of light brown crepe paper, long enough to cover the body from the neck to the table, with the crepe running up and down. Paste

the ends together in the back and gather around the neck with fine white wire or thread. If wire is used, fold and paste a little paper over at the top to hide it. Cut a white crepe paper collar 5 inches deep and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, like the diagram, and fasten it around the neck with a little pin or some paste. Stick toothpicks on each side of the body for arms and cover them with brown paper sleeves. Paste the tops to the dress and then paste the paper around the arm. Stick tiny pieces of carrot on for hands and then paste a small piece of white paper one inch deep around the wrist for a cuff. Cut a white apron of a piece of paper $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Cut a piece $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch wide and 12 inches long for strings and fold lengthwise. Gather the first piece and slip it into the center of the folded piece and paste. Tie the apron around the doll's waist. Now make feet of small carrot ends stuck on toothpicks and then pushed into the lower potato on each side of the front. Paint these black or cover them with ink. Now cut a piece of the brown paper $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 3 inches wide for the cap. Cut a white front of paper $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Paste this to one long edge of the brown paper on the wrong side, folding $\frac{1}{2}$ inch underneath. Turn the rest over the edge back against the cap. Fit the cap on the doll's head, gathering the back up in pleats. Paste these together firmly and then fasten to the doll's head with pins. Push two lollipop sticks into the lower potato at the back to make the doll stand.

Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

....How to form a branch club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is

I am years old.

Address

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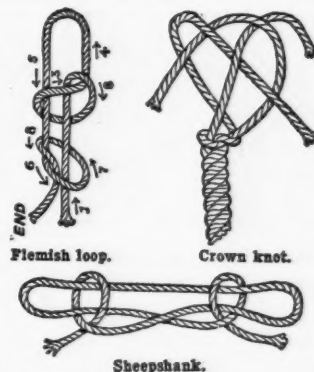
To Make the Potato Puritan Man

Select a funny shaped small white potato for the head and use an appropriate knob for the nose. Mark eyebrows, eyes, nostrils and mouth around this with ink. Arrange dried corn silk on the head for hair. Use a medium-sized potato for the body and fasten head and body together with two toothpicks or a lollipop stick. Make legs of two slim, round carrots 4 or 5 inches long and fasten to the lower part of the body with lollipop sticks. Cut the ends of the legs off to slant down from front to back. Take inch pieces of carrots for feet and cut one end of each to fit at right angles to the legs. Fasten them to the leg with half a toothpick stuck in the center of the carrot. Color black with paint or ink. Fold and paste a piece of light brown paper around the top of each leg about an inch or so from the body for short trousers. Cut a piece of paper the same color for a coat to go around the body and hang down from the neck to a little below the body. Paste the ends together in a seam and gather the coat in at the neck with wire or thread. Cover the wire with a little fold of the paper. Cut a collar of white crêpe paper about 3½ inches wide like the diagram and fasten it around the doll's neck in front with paste or pin. Make a narrow paper belt and paste it around the waist. Stick toothpicks in each side of the body for arms and cover them with a piece of brown paper for sleeves, pasting the top to the coat and the sides around the arm. Put hands of small pieces of carrots on the ends of the arms and paste inch-wide pieces of white paper for cuffs around the wrists. Cut a foundation for the hat brim of cardboard or stiff white paper, 3½ inches in diameter. Cut slits radiating from the center for an opening to fit the doll's head. Cover this with brown crêpe paper pasted on each side. Press under a book until dry. Cut another piece of the brown paper long enough to fit around the head opening of the brim and about two

inches high with the crêpe running up and down. Paste the two short edges of the crown together in a seam and then cut a round piece to fit in the round opening at the top, allowing ¼ inch for the seam. Paste this to the crown and then paste the crown to the brim. Make a white ribbon band of crêpe paper and paste it around the hat where the brim joins the crown, making a stiff little bow in front. Make a gun of a meat skewer or lollipop stick and a carved end of carrot. Be careful not to stain the paper clothes with potato juice as you stick in the sticks.

The Carrot American Indian

Use a large carrot for the body and two slim ones for legs. Attach these to the body with toothpicks. Cut a slanting place in front of each leg and attach one-inch pieces of carrot at right angles for feet. Select slender short carrots for arms and fasten them with toothpicks to the upper part of the body on each side. Use the stem end of the body carrot for the neck and select another round carrot for the head and fasten it to the neck with toothpicks. Mark eyes, nose and mouth on the face with paint or ink. Make a belt of brown crêpe paper to go around the Indian's waist and paste on small oblong pieces to hang down the front and back. Decorate these pieces with tiny pieces of blue and red pasted on top. Slash all three colors up and down a little. String kernels of dried yellow corn by the soft end on a thread and hang it on the Indian's neck for a necklace. Make a feather headdress of blue, white and red paper cut into strips 12 inches long and 2 inches wide. Slash the long edges half an inch apart and 1½ inches deep. Shape the ends of the slashes to a point. Paste the three strips together along the uncut edges and wind them around the Indian's head in a circle to fit. Paste and let the rest hang down the back. Make a tomahawk with a match stick for a handle and a slice of carrot. Bracelets of gold or silver paper may be made. Use a lollipop stick in the back for a prop.



Can You Tie These Knots?

Here are three sailors' knots that are mighty useful to know. In the chapter in The Book of Knowledge from which the pictures are taken, you will find directions for tying these knots and many more—some easy, some intricate; and there are some fascinating pages of sailors' hitches and splices. The department in The Book of Knowledge—THINGS TO MAKE AND THINGS TO DO—contains hundreds of suggestions for good times, outdoors and indoors.

A Few of the Chapter Headings

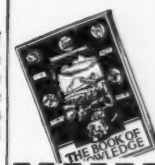
Making a Simple Telescope
How to Make Invisible Ink
How to Make Perfume from Flowers
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My children will be glad to receive, free, your 32-page book of stories, poems, articles and pictures—including the beautiful color-plate of birds—taken directly from The Book of Knowledge.

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FASHIONS FOR THE YOUNG GIRL



BETTY'S party dress is a lovely georgette studded with rhinestones. Their brilliancy gives the dress an individual character all its own. You can see the new little bolero effect—the overskirt gives a circular effect in front and back.

SUZANNE is wearing a coverette dress. Two-piece with tiny front pleats, it has a good-looking pointed yoke front and back and tucks around the bottom of the blouse. The dainty collar and cuffs are crêpe de Chine. Her hat is a Fisherman's Sally hat, and perhaps you will remember that I told you in the October 7th fashion hints that that is awfully good style this fall.



About ordering: 13, 15, 17 are the sizes of both these dresses. The party dress may be pink, blue or flame, and it is \$25.00. The silver flower on the shoulder is \$1.00. The sport dress may be blue, tan or green and is \$16.50; and the felt Sally hat is \$7.50 in all colors.

Hazel Gray

8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



ONCE upon a time, in a far country, there lived a little princess named Veridian. She hadn't been the daughter of a king long, so she wasn't a very dignified princess. Her grandfather, the late king, had just died, which made her father the new king. The coronation had not yet taken place, so Veridian didn't see why she should be dignified.

She was an only child, and, princesses not being allowed to play with other children, she had no playmates. It is true she had six pages who constantly attended her, but princesses aren't ever supposed to play with servants. And besides they were boys.

Every day Veridian had to sit in her great, quiet room and read history while she practiced wearing her royal crown. One page turned the leaves of the big book, one stood by the door, one amused the royal kitten, and the other three stood solemnly behind her stiff chair to catch the crown if it should slip, which it often did.

It was a very unusual and valuable crown, set with many precious jewels. People admired it very much—everybody but the princess. When she wore it she had to sit still, and it gave her a headache.

One afternoon she sat reading her history and trying very hard not to look out of her open windows at the birds that were building their nests in the royal garden outside. She knew there was a perfectly lovely cherry tree under one of her windows and it was nearly cherry time.

Suddenly a big fat robin lit right on her window-sill. The princess was so surprised she clapped her hands with joy. Off went the crown with its precious jewels winking merrily as it rolled across the room, making the prettiest tinkly noise. And after it merrily went the royal kitten. Of course all the noise quite scared away the robin.

"Oh, lovely!" cried the princess, watching the three pages scamper after the crown. "Please roll it some more. The kitten likes it."

And what do you suppose they did with that most royal crown? First one of those pages and then another rolled it. Veridian played too. Wasn't the crown hers? How they all laughed!

Next they were actually tossing it into the air to see the royal kitten leap after it! Then, suddenly, when Veridian tossed it, it sailed right out of the window and disappeared. All the pages immediately ran down into the garden, but, search as they could, it was nowhere to be found. They even pulled up some of the rose bushes in their search. The royal kitten helped too.

Poor little Veridian leaned out of the window and watched them.

THE PRINCESS WHO LOST HER CROWN

Written and illustrated by Carol Boshier



A very tearful procession presented itself to the king and queen

What became of people who played with royal crowns and lost them just before coronations?

She tried her best to encourage the trembling pages, but all she could say was, "O dear! O dear!" which certainly wasn't very encouraging.

By and by the bell rang for tea, and they knew the garden would be quite dark afterwards. There was nothing to do but to tell the king. A very tearful procession presented itself just as he and the queen and the ministers of state and a few generals were about to drink tea.

"Your Royal Highness," wept Veridian, "the royal crown went right out of the window, and we can't find it."

"What! What!" said the king.

"What! What! What!" said all the ministers of state.

"It did," repeated Veridian—which was true. "It sailed right out of the window."

All the pages nodded their heads.

"Then it must have been bewitched," said the lord high chief prime minister. This upset the king so that he drank the cream in-

stead of his tea and never knew the difference.

"Order the gardens searched and all the witches arrested immediately," ordered the king as he buttered a slice of cheese. "We have a week before the coronation ceremonies, and it must and shall be found."

Four or five generals marched out to see that his orders were obeyed. The king added, "We must not let this interfere with our tea," and he spread jam on his buttered cheese. This shows how upset he was, for who ever heard of anybody eating a slice of buttered cheese and jam—especially a king!

"As for Veridian," said the queen, who had her own ideas about crowns that sailed, "see that she stays in

her room until the crown is found."

All that night and all the next day they searched the garden, but not a trace of that crown did they find. The soldiers arrested all the witches in the kingdom.

If the princess wasn't crowned she could never be a truly royal person, and how could they make a copy of the lost crown without having it to look at!

POOR little Veridian stayed all alone in her big room—except for her six pages and the royal kitten. They spent most of their time watching the soldiers search.

One day, however, the search was given up. Then they had nothing to watch but the birds.

"O dear, I wish it was time for supper," sighed Veridian.

"I think the cherries are ripe," suggested a page.

"I love cherries," said the princess.

"I'll go and ask the lord chief gardener for some," replied the page.

"Let me get some," said another page. "I'm the best climber, and I'll fill my cap."

The others watched him from the window until he disappeared.

All of a sudden there came a most awful screeching, and out of the cherry tree flew two robins, and right down that cherry tree came the page.

The noise brought the lord high chief gardener and all the just plain gardeners and twenty-three guardsmen.

"I've found the crown! I've found the crown!" cried the page.

Down the stairs tumbled Veridian and the pages helter-skelter into the garden. The king, the queen and all the court ran into the garden.

"It's up in the cherry tree," danced the page. "It's stuck up there, and a robin has built a nest in it!"

"One of the gardeners must get a ladder and bring it down," commanded the king.

"Oh, the poor robins!" cried the princess and the pages.

A ladder was brought, and an assistant gardener mounted it. But he came down without the crown.

"There are four little baby birds in it," he whispered.

"What of it!" said the king; "send up the lord chief gardener."

Then the lord chief gardener went up the tree, but he came down again without the crown.

"The mother bird has just returned," he whispered.

"Oh, please, don't disturb her, Your Highness," begged Veridian.

"I shall have to," said the king. "I'll do it myself."

SO up the tree went the king. The whole court listened breathlessly. Down the ladder came the king, and he had only a few cherries.

"Who ever heard of a bird building a nest in a royal crown!" he said.

"Of course it must come down. The question is—whose duty is it to remove bird's nests from crowns?"

Everybody was very quiet.



"Won't anyone bring it down?" asked the king.

Everybody was just as quiet.

"Then," he announced, "it will have to stay up there until the young birds fly away."

"Nonsense!" said the queen.

"But what about the coronation?" asked the prime minister.

"It can be postponed," said the princess, clapping her hands.

"I still don't see how it got up the tree," murmured the queen.

"It must have fallen off her head. Let's all go in to tea," said the king.

The court formed a procession and marched solemnly out of the garden, leaving twelve guardsmen around the tree. The crown jewels winked at the happy robins as they sang their evening song in time with the tinkling chimes that were ringing to call the court to tea.

New! The MULTICOLOR MECCANO Now you can build models in colors



THE SPECIAL \$5.00 OUTFIT

Contains the powerful Meccano electric motor and parts and full instructions for building more than 100 models. Sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not at your dealer's.

You've never seen anything like it, fellows! Look at the beautiful models on this page with their lustrous coloring — all made with the new Multicolor Meccano. Part after part gleams with brilliant colors, that's why the models are so realistic. And all the fine engineering quality for which Meccano has always been famous, is still there.

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Model of Windmill built with the new Multicolor Meccano.

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